THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

OR

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

For MARCH 1785.

[*With a* VIEW *of* DUNKELD, *and a* SONG *from the* TEMPEST.]

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A STATE of the BAROMETER in inches and decimals, Farenheit's THERMOMETER, and the quantity of Rain-water fallen, in inches and decimals, from the 28th February to the 30th March, 1785, taken at Duddingston about sunrise.

	Days.	Ther. Sun r.	Barom.	Rain. Inch,	Weather.
Feb.	28	25	30.3045	——	Clear.
Mar.	1	18	30.3583	——	Ditto.
	2	32	30.418	——	Ditto.
	3	28	30.347	——	Ditto.
	4	27	30.3	——	Ditto.
	5	22	30.2875	——	Ditto.
	6	20	30.3625	——	Ditto.
	7	26	30.2875	——	Ditto.
	8	30	29.9875	——	Ditto.
	9	30	29.8	0.04	Snow.
	10	26	30.125	——	Clear.
	11	33	29.9125	0.06	Sleet and snow.
	12	21	30.19375	——	Clear.
	13	24	30.37375	——	Ditto.
	14	35	30.17	——	Ditto.
	15	33	30.1925	——	Ditto.
	16	35	30.35625	——	Ditto.
	17	36	30.475	——	Ditto.
	18	34	30.4025	——	Ditto.
	19	42	30.3475	——	Ditto.
	20	40	30.3	0.05	Some rain.
	21	42	30.20375	0.04	Sleet.
	22	20	30.33	——	Clear.
	23	25	30.45	——	Ditto.
	24	33	30.1125	0.065	Hail and rain.
	25	34	30.30625	——	Clear.
	26	32	30.2175	0.08	Rain and snow.
	27	31	29.96625	——	Clear.
	28	25	29.945	0.045	Sleet.
	29	26	29.950875	0.055	Hail.
	30	39	29.905125	——	
				0.435 total of rain, &c.	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several POEMS under consideration.

Lucius in reply to Severus might lead to an uninteresting controversy.

Essay on Suicide, rather palliative.

The Elegy on the Death of Mr S. of F. is inadmissible.—We shall be glad, however, to be favoured with the correspondence of the Author when he is disposed to be less licentious.

Verses by J. W. W. in our next.

VIEWS in SCOTLAND.

Number Second.

DUNKELD, a ſeat belonging to his Grace the Duke of Athole, ſituated on the banks of Tay, ſurrounded with high rocky hills, clothed with wood to the top; through which, with great judgment, are conducted extenſive walks, producing a variety of ſcenery only to be met with in Highland ſituations.

The village of Dunkeld is of great antiquity. It was the capital of ancient Caledonia—About the dawn of Chriſtianity, a Pictiſh king made it the ſeat of religion, by erecting a monaſtery of Culdees there; which king David I. in 1130 converted into a cathedral, and it ranked as the firſt ſee in Scotland. The cathedral ſtill remains pretty entire, and adds to the beauty of this romantic place. Birnam Wood ſkirts the paſs to Dunkeld, and Dunſinnan Hill is ſeen at a diſtance beyond the plain of Stormont.—Dunkeld is thriving, and is ſtill deemed the capital of the Highlands.

Memoirs *of the Baron* De Tott, *concerning the* Turks *and* Tartars, 4 vols 8vo. *Printed at Amſterdam* 1784.

WE cannot begin to read theſe *Memoirs* without accompanying the author to the concluſion: It is one of the moſt novel and extraordinary books we have ſeen, as alſo one of the moſt intereſting.

What do we ſee in this picture, whoſe lineaments are ſo ſtriking, and all whoſe figures bear the expreſſion of truth? A nation delivered up to all the exceſſes of the moſt corrupted people, and at the ſame time to all the ferocity of the moſt barbarous: at once effeminate and ſanguinary; fanatic in their belief, without practiſing one moral virtue of their creed; joining inſenſibility of heart to the moſt unbridled and laſcivious paſſions; without reflection as without foreſight; habituated to mean vices, and laughing at crimes in the very moment of committing them; buried in ignorance and yet glorying in it; haughty in proportion to their ſtupidity; ſupporting tyranny in the hope of ſharing it; baſe without ſhame, wretched without grief; never feeling their dreadful ſervitude but in the very inſtant that they are ready to die of hunger; without induſtry; without valour, without humanity, and even in their contempt of death diſplaying only that meanneſs of ſpirit which prevents men from perceiving how to eſcape it.

Whom does this nation obey? A ſovereign buried for the half of his life in the ſilence of a ſeraglio, betwixt the axe and the bow-ſtring; fatigued with homage, and making himſelf obeyed only by the terror of the arms of deſpotiſm; cruſhing always when he wiſhes to puniſh; obliged by his religion to ſubmit to laws of form, and able to violate thoſe of nature; not daring to abſent himſelf from the moſque upon a Friday; and at liberty to behead the innocent man whoſe riches he covets. If his government preſſes leſs directly on the multitude, the inſtruments of their miſery are only upon this account the more hardened in their oppreſſions; unpuniſhed or chaſtiſed,

fear never stops them; and the man in place commits injustice himself, with the bloody heads of his predecessors before him.

It is in this point of view that M. de Tott has seen the Turks; and he saw them for a period of 23 years: he enjoyed the most intimate confidence of the sovereign; he himself has had an active share in the administration of this terrible government, in which he has been employed during all its successive changes, and in circumstances of the most critical nature. In a word, M. de Tott has a perfect knowledge of the language, and was able to communicate with all the different states. No European has hitherto united in himself so many means of knowledge, has ever been able to collect so great a number of facts, or to draw from them more certain conclusions.

M. de Tott endeavours first to satisfy the impatience of the greater part of his readers, always eager to learn whatever concerns the situation and manners of the Turkish women. It is upon this article especially that travellers have abused the credulity of the public. They divert themselves with giving romantic pictures of the voluptuousness of the people of the east; they draw enchanting portraits of the women shut up in their pretended *harams*; their imagination is fruitful in intrigues of gallantry. The bolts and vigilance of the eunuchs are nothing to them. They introduce you into the recesses of these impenetrable prisons, invented by pride and jealousy to tyrannize over beauty. It is necessary to reform our ideas somewhat upon this subject.

Marriage among the Turks is no more than a civil act. The law restrains the number of free women whom you can marry to four; it is the husband who gives the wife the dowry; and when he repudiates her, she retains this dowry with her paraphernalia. Love inspired by beauty and all accomplishments, or the esteem which arises from virtue, have no influence in these fatal unions. They marry a woman without seeing her, upon the report of some old women, who serve as *go-betweens*; and the moment in which the bride takes off her veil, is often for the husband the moment of disgust and repentance. There is another kind of marriage which they call *kapin*; which is nothing else, to speak properly, but a bargain made betwixt the parties, to live together for a fixed price a certain time.

These women, brought up in ignorance and solitude, without any kind of ideas, without any other sentiment than jealousy, distressed and humiliated by the dependence in which they live, and by the indifference of their husbands, oppressed with their very idleness, and indolent through pride, can have few attractions for the man to whom they belong. The Turks have, therefore, no resource except in the slaves whom they purchase, and the number of whom they can increase in proportion to the extent of their fortune. Here the imagination of the reader, no doubt, presents to him those beautiful Georgian girls, those charming maids of Circassia, who bear so distinguished a part in many romances.

M. de Tott saw, at the house of her mother-in-law, one of these Georgian girls, destined, by the Sultana Asma, for the amusement of his highness. "I saw nothing remarkable in her (says he); she was a girl about 18, pretty tall, exceedingly robust, and who might have made no unhandsome figure at the bar of a tavern."

Among these slaves, there are many, doubtless, who possess beauty, and some who possess agreeable talents; and, in particular, they are taught a very indecent dance,

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companied with caſtanets. But the uſe of the warm bath greatly tarniſhes their complection, and robs them of the freſhneſs of youth. Theſe baths, always warmed 24 hours before they are uſed, are heated to ſuch a degree, that immediately upon entering them a violent perſpiration takes place; notwithſtanding which the women remain in them five or ſix hours at a time, and return to make uſe of them very frequently. It is evident, that ſuch a great relaxation of the fibres muſt alter the ſhape, and bring on an untimely decrepitude; it is not leſs certain, that betwixt the maſter and the ſlave there can exiſt no real love; that the delicacy of ſentiment, which forms the greateſt charm of life, muſt of neceſſity be deſtroyed by the extreme eaſineſs of enjoyment; and that ſatiety and diſguſt inhabit thoſe abodes which we are accuſtomed to paint as the temples of pleaſure. "I have been enabled to convince myſelf by means of my friends, (ſays our traveller,) that, except when the charms of a new ſlave awaken the curioſity of the Turks, the haram and its pleaſures are diſguſting; many Turks never enter it but when their preſence is neceſſary to reſtore peace, and which the woman who ... it could not accom-

...d frequent conver- ...ollach of Mecca, a ...ideration at Con- ... midſt of one of ... child of about ...refooted, and ...o careſs the ...er who was ...ys the child. ...ather? And ..."Juſuf"— ...nother?"— ... well, Tha- ..." ſays the ...ot know ſo much."—"There is no need," ſaid he afterwards in the courſe of the converſation, "for a great effort to perceive that the facility of gratifying our deſires leads to indifference. —It is the fault of our manners; we cannot change them.—But as long as I retain my curioſity, I ſhall not be ſo unhappy as you think me."

To whatever conſtraint the Turkiſh women are ſubjected by their cuſtoms, they have, however, the liberty of going abroad upon buſineſs; they even go frequently to pay viſits to other women. Faſhion then requires, that the Turk, whoſe women receive the viſit, ſhould not enter into the haram while the ſtrangers are there; but this rule is not always ſtrictly obſerved. The rich alone can ſupport the expences of a haram, and there are not many rich men among the Turks; they never arrive at opulence but by ſerving in employments, which are lucrative only in proportion to the abuſe they make of their authority. Before arriving at theſe offices, they remain a long time confounded with the crowd, ſeparated from the women, and forced to live only with men. A diſagreeable ſociety, which leads to a ſhameful vice, and unfortunately too common among the people of the eaſt.

There are very few proſtitutes at Conſtantinople; and it is not thought proper to give the ſame indulgence to diſorders of this kind there, which the corruption of great cities ſeems to have rendered neceſſary. The Boſtangi-Baſha, a kind of *Lieutenant de Police*, makes frequent viſits in the environs of Conſtantinople, and about the moſt remote places near the ſea, where women of this claſs flatter themſelves with finding an aſylum. Their dead bodies are often found mangled. The men aſſaſſinate them in order to ſave the trouble of payment, and even to avoid the danger of being arreſted in conducting them back

back to the city. What is moſt aſtoniſhing is, that women even of higher rank eſcape ſometimes from their priſons, carrying along with them their jewels. The violence of paſſion renders them blind to the dangers of ſuch an adventure. The wretches whom they ſeek often cut their throats, after ſeizing on their effects. The dead bodies of theſe miſerable creatures are frequently ſeen floating within the harbour; and yet theſe fatal examples are not able to prevent other women from following the ſame courſe.

There is nothing more common among us than to hear people ſpeak of the *ſeraglio* and the *favourite ſultana*. The ſeraglio is imagined to be the incloſure in which the women are ſhut up, while in reality it is nothing but a palace, and the apartment of the women is called the *haram*. The ambaſſadors of crowned heads have no haram, but they have a ſeraglio. With regard to the title of favourite ſultana, it is abſurd. A ſultana is a princeſs of the blood royal of the empire. If ſhe be a ſultana, ſays M. de Tott, ſhe dare not avow that kind of favour which is meant; if ſhe can enjoy it, ſhe is not a ſultana. The title of *Bache-Kadun*, or *principal lady*, is really the firſt dignity of the haram of the Grand Signior. "The daughters and the ſiſters of this prince, when married to the viziers and grandees of the empire, inhabit each ſeparate apartments in their palaces. The male child who is born there muſt be ſmothered in the very moment of birth, and by the ſame hands which deliver the mother. This is the moſt public law in the empire, and what is leaſt tranſgreſſed: no veil is ſpread over the horror of theſe aſſaſſinations."

The Turks are luxurious, but their luxury has neither taſte nor elegance; it is only a groſs diſplay of uſeleſs wealth, and even frequently incommodious; they will place upon your bed ſattin pillows embroidered with gold, which tear the ſkin off your face; the women will wear in the midſt of ſummer velvet gowns, every ſeam of which is loaded with thick gold lace. Beſides, this luxury is only diſplayed at home; no one dare exhibit it in public, through fear of awakening the avarice of government.

During the rejoicings which take place upon the birth of a ſon to the Grand Signior, the ancient *ſaturnalia* of Rome are ſeen revived at Conſtantinople. The ſlaves are allowed to make merry before their maſters, and even at their expence; the people paſs ſuddenly from ſlavery to licentiouſneſs, and their joy reſembles drunkenneſs and frenzy. The houſes of the grandees diſplay an exceſſive magnificence in their decorations. "The neighbouring ſtreets are covered, to a certain diſtance, with ſcaffolds raiſed high enough ſo as that the lamps and paper-work may prove no obſtruction to paſſengers on horſeback. Theſe porticoes, thus decorated, are continued even to the interior courts of the palace; and there halls, conſtructed of purpoſe, richly furniſhed, and illuminated by a vaſt number of *luſtres*, whoſe brightneſs is reflected by numerous mirrors, offer to the curious a reſt[illegible] maſter of which rece[illegible] each according to t[illegible] thers content them[illegible] ing the ſpace u[illegible] whoſe folding d[illegible] vite company [illegible] of coffee or o[illegible] the maſter o[illegible] vided, and w[illegible] to diſtribute. [illegible] lad,

The illu[illegible] e is one would t[illegible] reſt; and y[illegible] of the mint[illegible] did. An [illegible] mutually re[illegible]

formed of piaſtres and ſequins quite new, and which repreſent different deſigns. In many places of the city the moſt indecent farces are acted, in which the government is not ſpared more than the manners. The actors are Greeks and Jews; and the *fun* of theſe pieces conſiſts in imitating and turning into ridicule the offices of the chief magiſtrates. M de Tott has ſeen the licentiouſneſs of theſe repreſentations carried ſo far as even to take off the Grand Signior himſelf. It is true, that they ſoon forbad theſe players this kind of imitation; ... they were allowed to bring the Grand Vizzeer on the ſtage, and then no accuſation was ſpared.

"I have ſeen, among others, a falſe *Stambæ Effendi, (lieutenant de police)* whom they allowed to exerciſe in quiet a diſtributive juſtice ſufficiently ſevere. Chance made him meet with the real one; they ſaluted each other with much gravity, and continued each their rout. Another troop, which imitated the chief of the Janiſſaries, went to ſeize upon the palace of this general while he was making his round; and his people treated the maſk with as much diſtinction as if he had been their maſter. Pretended engineers for the care of bridges and high ways, followed by paviours, dug off the pavements from the houſes of thoſe who did not purchaſe in demnity at a pretty high price; while other maſks in the other dreſſes carried off ranſoms in another manner. At laſt all this became both very troubleſome and inconvenient; but the term expired, the rod again appeared, and every thing was reduced to order.

One can ſcarcely form an idea of the groſſneſs and indecency of the Turkiſh comedies. They turn uſually upon the intrigues and treachery of women. Every thing is exhibited, and nothing is left to the imagination of the ſpectators. During this ſpectacle, often more infamous than the *ludi florales* of Rome, if the ſignal for prayer is heard, every muſſulman turns himſelf towards Mecca, while the actors continue to go on each with their part.

Juſtice, that foundation of all ſociety, is little reſpected among the Turks. They have no other law but the Koran, and the judges are the interpreters of it. All cauſes are judged upon the depoſition of witneſſes; and falſe witneſſes are common and eaſily purchaſed. He who gives moſt money to the cadi, for the moſt part gains his cauſe. They never puniſh highwaymen unleſs taken *in flagrante delicto;* the government rarely proſecutes them; and when this happens, the cadi, whoſe buſineſs it is to inform himſelf of the aſſaſſinations committed in a village, exacts a fine from the inhabitants of the place on that account, inſtead of inquiring after the criminals. Should a robber, after making rich, relinquiſh his profeſſion, he has nothing more to dread from the hand of juſtice; he may acquire conſideration, and arrive at employments.

Aſſaſſination is conſidered in Turky as a noble action, and which proves courage. If the relations of the murdered perſon chooſe to make an accommodation with the murderer, he is certain to eſcape puniſhment. The hangman is uſually the mediator in theſe treaties. A young Turk having aſſaſſinated his father, was condemned to be beheaded; one of his friends, in concert with the judge, whom he had gained over, declared that he himſelf was the murderer, and produced two witneſſes of the fact: the judge upon this revoked the ſentence pronounced againſt the young Turk, and condemned his friend; but the parricide then uſing his right, as ſon to the deceaſed, pardoned the pretended murderer.

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The Greeks and the Jews fcarce ever obtain juftice againft the Turks, who load them with every manner of infult with impunity.

An attempt was made to introduce the art of printing at Conftantinople; but it did not fucceed. This art would render that talent of all the learned men in this country ufelefs, which confifts in tracing elegantly the characters of the language; and printing not being able to reach the neatnefs and elegance of writing, has been defpifed. The Turks have received no part of that light which commerce and the fciences have fpread over the other nations of Europe. A captain bafha afked a Venetian ambaffador at the Porte, Whether the Ruffians were neighbours to the republic? Yes, replied the ambaffador, there is only you betwixt us.

In the fourth volume, M. de Tott gives an account of a voyage he made into Egypt, and the fea-ports of the Levant, in order to examine the foreign government of the Turks. The bafhas, abfolute in their provinces, purchafe impunity by the product of their oppreffions: When they become dangerous, or fufpected on account of their riches, the Grand Signior gets them affaffinated, and feizes on their fpoils. A dreadful law, which affixes fo great a value upon cruelty, and holds out fuch temptations to injuftice.

The fources of the Nile, fays M. de Tott, are not well known, tho' a Traveller, of the name of *Bruce*, pretends to have difcovered them. "I faw at Cairo, (adds he,) the fervant whom he had taken, the guide who conducted him, the companion of his journey. I am well affured that he had no knowledge of this difcovery; and it cannot be objected againft his teftimony, that a philofopher like Mr Bruce was not bound to give any account of his obfervations to his fervant. The pride of celebrity is loft in a defert; the mafter and the fervant difappear, and we only fee two men, who, amid the neceffities which furround them, are equally eager to communicate their difcoveries, and obliged to afford mutual affiftance. The more robuft of the two would poffefs the fuperiority; and the fervant whom I mention, born in the country, had too much of this quality to allow Mr Bruce to carry off the glory of a difcovery merely local."

We fhall conclude this extract with an anecdote which prefents a valuable difcovery in medicine, and affords an admirable receipt againft a very common difeafe. A bafha had taken a great liking to a European merchant. This laft being confined to his bed by the gout, the bafha, who valued himfelf on his fkill in medicine, wifhed to cure his friend, and ordered two of his fervants to give his gueft fifty ftrokes with a cudgel upon the foles of his feet. Thofe flaves, who were ignorant of the good intentions of their mafter, executed their orders with a rigour of which they boafted on their return before the bafha. Oh! how unlucky, cried he; I wifhed to cure my friend, not to infult him. In the firft movement of his paffion, he made his unfortunate fervants receive a hundred ftrokes, and then fent to make his excufe to the merchant; who by this marvellous fecret found himfelf completely cured.

Thefe memoirs are curious and interefting; they give us a very intimate acquaintance with the genius and manners of the Turks. A greater attention to method in his obfervations might have been more agreeable to fome readers; but we muft remember that this is not a treatife on the manners of the Turks, but the journal of a traveller, who muft follow the order of facts.

L'Efprit des Journaux.

Observations on the Construction of the Heavens, by WILLIAM HERSCHEL, *Esq.*

HITHERTO the sidereal heavens have, not inadequately for the purpose designed, been represented by the concave surface of a sphere, in the centre of which the eye of an observer might be supposed to be placed. It is true, the various magnitudes of the fixed stars even then plainly suggested to us, and would have better suited, the idea of an expanded firmament of three dimensions; but the observations upon which I am now going to enter, still farther illustrate and enforce the necessity of considering the heavens in this point of view. In future, therefore, we shall look upon those regions into which we may now penetrate by means of our large telescopes, as a naturalist regards a rich extent of ground or chain of mountains, containing strata variously inclined and directed, as well as consisting of very different materials. A surface of a globe or map, therefore, will but ill delineate the interior parts of the heavens.

It may well be expected, that the great advantage of a large aperture in a telescope would be most sensibly perceived with all those objects that require much light, such as the very small and immensely distant fixed stars, the very faint nebulæ, the close and compressed clusters of stars, and the remote planets.

On applying the telescope to a part of the *via lactea*, I found that it completely resolved the whole whitish appearance into small stars, which my former telescopes had not light enough to effect. The portion of this extensive tract, which it has hitherto been convenient for me to observe, is that immediately about the hand and club of Orion. The glorious multitude of stars of all possible sizes that presented themselves here to my view was truly astonishing; but as the dazzling brightness of glittering stars may easily mislead us so far as to estimate their number greater than it really is, I endeavoured to ascertain this point by counting many fields, and computing, from a mean of them, what a certain given portion of the milky way might contain. Among many trials of this sort I found, last January the 18th, that six fields, promiscuously taken, contained 110, 60, 70, 90, 70, and 74 stars each. I then tried to pick out the most vacant place that was to be found in that neighbourhood, and counted 63 stars. A mean of the first six gives 79 stars for each field. Hence, by allowing 15 minutes of a great circle for the diameter of my field of view, we gather, that a belt of 15 degrees long and two broad, or the quantity which I have often seen pass through the field of my telescope in one hour's time, could not well contain less than 50,000 stars, that were large enough to be distinctly numbered. But, besides these, I suspected at least twice as many more, which, for want of light, I could only see now and then by faint glittering and interrupted glimpses.

The excellent collection of nebulæ and clusters of stars which has lately been given in the *Connoissance des Temps* for 1783 and 1784, leads me next to a subject which, indeed, must open a new view of the heavens. As soon as the first of these volumes came to my hands, I applied my former twenty-feet reflector of 12 inches aperture to them; and saw, with the greatest pleasure, that most of the nebulæ, said to be without stars, which I had an opportunity of examining in proper situations, yielded to the force of my light and power, and have either plainly appeared to be nothing but stars, or at least to con-

contain ſtars, and to ſhow every other indication of conſiſting of them entirely.

When I began this ſeries of obſervations, I ſurmiſed, that ſeveral nebulæ might yet remain undiſcovered, for want of ſufficient light to detect them; and was therefore in hopes of making a valuable addition to the cluſters of ſtars and nebulæ already collected and given us in the work before referred to, which amount to 103. The event has plainly proved that my expectations were well founded: for I have already found 466 new nebulæ and cluſters of ſtars, none of which, to my preſent knowledge, have been ſeen before by any perſon; moſt of them, indeed, are not within the reach of the beſt common teleſcopes now in uſe. In all probability many more are ſtill in reſerve; and as I am purſuing this track, I ſhall make them up into ſeparate catalogues, of about two or three hundred at a time, and have the honour of preſenting them in that form to the Royal Society.

A very remarkable circumſtance attending the nebulæ and cluſters of ſtars is, that they are arranged into ſtrata, which ſeem to run on to a great length; and ſome of them I have already been able to purſue, ſo as to gueſs pretty well at their form and direction. It is probable enough, that they may ſurround the whole apparent ſphere of the heavens, not unlike the milky way, which undoubtedly is nothing but a ſtratum of fixed ſtars. And as this latter immenſe ſtarry bed is not of equal breadth or luſtre in every part, nor runs on in one ſtraight direction, but is curved and even divided into two ſtreams along a very conſiderable portion of it; we may likewiſe expect the greateſt variety in the ſtrata of the cluſters of ſtars and nebulæ. One of theſe nebulous beds is ſo rich, that, in paſſing through a ſection of it, in the time of only 36 minutes, I detected no leſs than 31 nebulæ, all of different ſhapes, and diſtinctly viſible upon a fine blue ſky.

It is very probable, that the great ſtratum, called the milky way, is that in which the ſun is placed, tho' perhaps not in the very centre of its thickneſs. We gather this from the appearance of the Galaxy, which ſeems to encompaſs the whole heavens, as it certainly muſt do if the ſun is within the ſame. For, ſuppoſe a number of ſtars arranged between two parallel planes, indefinitely extended every way, but at a given conſiderable diſtance from each other; and, calling this a ſidereal ſtratum, an eye placed ſomewhere within it will ſee all the ſtars in the direction of the planes of the ſtratum projected into a great circle, which will appear lucid on account of the accumulation of the ſtars; while the reſt of the heavens at the ſides will only ſeem to be ſcattered over with conſtellations, more or leſs crowded, according to the diſtance of the planes or number of ſtars contained in the thickneſs or ſides of the ſtratum.

If the eye were placed ſomewhere without the ſtratum, at no very great diſtance, the appearance of the ſtars within it would aſſume the form of one of the leſs circles of the ſphere, which would be more or leſs contracted to the diſtance of the eye; and if this diſtance were exceedingly increaſed, the whole ſtratum might at laſt be drawn together into a lucid ſpot or nebula of any ſhape, according to the poſition, length, and height of the ſtratum.

From appearances, then, as I obſerved before, we may infer, that the ſun is moſt likely placed in one of the great ſtrata of the fixed ſtars, and very probably not far from the place where ſome ſmaller ſtratum branches out from it. Such a ſuppoſition will ſatisfactorily, and with great ſimplicity, account for all the phenomena of

of the milky way, which, according to this hypothesis, is no other than the appearance of the projection of the stars contained in this stratum and its secondary branch. As a farther inducement to look on the Galaxy in this point of view, let it be considered, that we can no longer doubt of its whitish appearance arising from the mixed lustre of the numberless stars that compose it. Now, should we imagine it to be an irregular ring of stars, in the centre nearly of which we must then suppose the sun to be placed, it will appear not a little extraordinary, that the sun, being a fixed star like those which compose this imagined ring, should just be in the centre of such a multitude of celestial bodies, without any apparent reason for this singular distinction; whereas, on our supposition, every star in this stratum, not very near the termination of its length or height, will be so placed as also to have its own Galaxy, with only such variations in the form and lustre of it, as may arise from the particular situation of each star.

Various methods may be pursued to come to a full knowledge of the sun's place in the sidereal stratum, of which I shall only mention one as the most general and most proper for determining this important point, and which I have already begun to put in practice. I call it *Gaging the Heavens*, or the *Star-Gage*. It consists in repeatedly taking the number of stars in ten fields of view of my reflector very near each other, and by adding their sums, and cutting off one decimal on the right, a mean of the contents of the heavens, in all the parts which are thus gaged, is obtained. By way of example, I have joined a short table, extracted from the gages contained in my journal; by which it appears, that the number of stars increases very fast as we approach the Via Lactea.

N. P. D. 92 to 94°.		
R. A.		Gage.
15	10	9.4
15	22	10.6
15	47	10.6
16	8	12.1
16	25	13.6
16	37	18.6

N. P. D. 78 to 80°.		
R. A.		Gage.
11	16	3.1
12	31	3.4
12	44	4.6
12	49	3.9
13	5	3.8
14	30	3.6

If the sun should be placed in the great sidereal stratum of the milky way, and, as we have surmised above, not far from the branching out of a secondary stratum, it will very naturally lead us to guess at the cause of the probable motion of the solar system: for the very bright, great node of the Via Lactis, or union of the two strata about Cepheus and Cassiopeia, and the Scorpion and Sagittarius, points out a conflux of strata manifestly quite sufficient to occasion a tendency towards that node in any star situated at no very great distance; and the secondary branch of the Galaxy not being much less than a semicircle seems to indicate such a situation of our solar system in the great undivided stratum as the most probable.

What has been said in a former paper on the subject of the solar motion seems also to support this supposed situation of the sun; for the apex there assigned lies nearly in the direction of a motion of the sun towards the node of the strata. Besides,

ſides, the joining ſtrata making a pretty large angle at the junction with the primary one, it may eaſily be admitted, that the motion of a ſtar in the great ſtratum, eſpecially if ſituated conſiderably towards the ſide fartheſt from the ſmall ſtratum, will be turned ſufficiently out of the ſtraight direction of the great ſtratum towards the ſecondary one. But I find myſelf inſenſibly led to ſay more on this ſubject than I am as yet authoriſed to do. I ſhall therefore wait till the obſervations in which I am at preſent engaged ſhall furniſh me with proper materials for the diſquiſition of ſo new a ſubject. And though my ſingle endeavours ſhould not ſucceed in a work that ſeems to require the joint effort of every aſtronomer, yet ſo much we may venture to hope, that, by applying ourſelves with all our powers to the improvement of teleſcopes, which I look upon as yet in their infant ſtate, and turning them with aſſiduity to the ſtudy of the heavens, we ſhall in time obtain ſome faint knowledge of, and perhaps be able partly to delineate, *the Interior Conſtruction of the Univerſe.*

Phil. Tranſ.

Letter from Miſs CATHARINE T——— *to the Honourable Miſs* C———.

THOUGH it is a letter of Lady Mary's I ought to anſwer, I cannot write two poſts together without addreſſing myſelf to my dear Miſs C———: and yet I am ſenſible too that this will put our correſpondence quite wrong; for then I muſt anſwer your letter to Lady Mary, and ſo pay ſufficiently for one wrong ſtep by going on wrong ever after. I wiſh I could give a fine paſſage in Agamemnon, which would be very *apropos* here: but unfortunately it does not come out till nine o'clock to-morrow morning; and I muſt abſolutely write the greateſt part of my letter to-night, whilſt I am undreſſing, if I would make it any tolerable length; for I have engagements laid out for to-morrow from the moment I riſe. Thoſe for the morning are very delightful, and I heartily wiſh you could ſhare the amuſement of them with me. You know B——e W—ll—s, or at leaſt it is not my fault that you do not: for when at any time ſome of his oddities have peculiarly ſtruck my fancy, I have writ you whole volumes about him. However, that you may not be forced to recollect how I have formerly tired you, I will repeat, that with one of the honeſteſt hearts in the world, he has one of the oddeſt heads that ever dropped out of the moon. Extremely well verſed in coins, he knows hardly any thing of mankind; and you may judge what kind of education ſuch an one is likely to give to four wild girls, who have had no female directreſs to poliſh their behaviour, or any other habitation than a great rambling manſion-houſe in a country village. As, by his little knowledge of the world, he has ruined a fine eſtate that was, when he firſt had it, 2000 l. per annum; his preſent circumſtances oblige him to an odd kind of frugality, that ſhows itſelf in the ſlovenlineſs of his dreſs, and makes him think London much too extravagant an abode for his daughters, at the ſame time that his zeal for antiquities makes him think an old copper farthing very cheaply bought with a guinea, and any journey properly undertaken, that will bring him to ſome old cathedral on the ſaint's day to which it was dedicated. As, if you confine the natural growth of a tree, it will ſhoot out in a wrong place, in ſpite of his expenſiveneſs, he appears ſaving in al-

almost every article of life that people should expect him otherwise in; and, in spite of his frugality, his fortune, I believe, grows worse and worse every day. I have told you before he is the dirtiest creature in the world; so much so, that it is quite disagreeable to sit by him at table. He makes one suit of clothes serve him at least two years; and then his great coat has been transmitted down, I believe, from generation to generation, ever since Noah. On Sunday he was quite a beau. The bishop of Gloucester is his idol; and if Mr W. was Pope, *St Martin*, as he calls him, would not wait a minute for canonization.

To honour last Sunday as it deserved, after having run about all the morning to all the St George's churches whose difference of hours permitted him, he came to dine with us in a tie wig that exceeds indeed all description. It is a tie wig (the very colour of it is inexpressible) that he has had, he says, these nine years; and of late it has lain by at his barber's, never to be put on but once a-year, in honour of the bishop of Gloucester's birth-day. But you will say, what is all this to my engagement this morning?—Why, you must know, B——e distinguishes his four daughters into the lions and the lambs. The lambs are very good, and very insipid: they were in town about ten days, that ended the beginning of last week; and now the lions have succeeded them, who have a little spirit of rebellion, that makes them infinitely more agreeable than their softer sisters. The lambs went to every church that B——e pleased every day; the lions came to St James's church on St George's day. The lambs thought on no higher entertainment than to see some collections of shells; the lions would see every thing, and go every where. The lambs dined here one day, were thought good aukward girls, and then were laid out of our thoughts for ever. The lions dined with us on Sunday, and were so extremely diverting, that we spent all yesterday morning, and are engaged to spend all this in entertaining them, and going ourselves to a comedy that I think has no ill-nature in it; for the simplicity of these girls has nothing blameable in it, and the contemplation of such unassisted nature is infinitely amusing.

They follow Miss Jenny's rule, of never being strange in a strange place; yet in them this is not boldness. I could send you a thousand traits of them, if I was sure they would not lose by being wrote down; but there is no imitating that inimitable *naiveté* that is the grace of their character.

They were placed in our seat on Sunday. (Alas! I was used to seeing it filled with people that were quite indifferent to me, till seeing you in it once has thrown a fresh melancholy upon it.) I wondered to have heard no remarks upon the prince and princess: their remarks on every thing else were admirable. As they sat in the drawing room after dinner, one of them called to Mr Secker, *I wish you would give me a glass of sack.* The bishop of Oxford came in, and one of them broke out very abruptly, *But we heard every word of the sermon where we sat; and a very good sermon it was*, added she, with a decisive nod. The bishop of Gloucester gave them tickets to go to the play; and one of them took great pains to repeat to him till he heard it, *I would not rob you; but I know you are very rich, and can afford it; for I ben't covetous; indeed I an't covetous.* Poor girls! their father will have them out of town to-morrow: and they begged very hard that we would all join in intreating him to let them stay as long as their younger sisters had done; but all our intreaties were in vain, and to-morrow the poor

poor lions return to their den in the ſtage-coach. Indeed, in his birth-day tie-wig, he looked like the father in the farce. Mrs Secker was ſo diverted with them, that I wiſhed a thouſand times for the invention of Scapin, and I would have made no ſcruple of aſſuming the character, and inſpiring my friends with the laudable ſpirit of rebellion. I have picked out ſome of the dulleſt of their traits to tell you. They preſſed us extremely to come and breakfaſt with them at their lodgings, four inches ſquare, in Chapel-ſtreet, at eight o'clock in the morning, and bring a *ſtaymaker* and the *Biſhop of Glouceſter* with us. We put off the engagement till eleven; ſent the ſtay-maker to meaſure them at nine, and Mrs Seeker and I went and found our ladies quite undreſſed; ſo that, inſtead of taking them to Kenſington-Gardens, as we promiſed, we were forced, for want of time, to content ourſelves with carrying them round Groſvenor-ſquare into the Ring, where, for want of better amuſement, they were fain to fall upon a baſket of dirty ſweet-meats and cakes, that an old woman is always teazing you with there, which they had nearly diſpatched in a couple of rounds——O! it were needleſs to tell you all that has inexpreſſibly diverted me in their behaviour and converſation. I have yet told you nothing; and yet I have, in telling that nothing, waſted all the time that my heart ought to have employed in ſaying a thouſand things to you that it is more deeply intereſted in, &c.

Lond. Mag.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES *of* CELEBRATED MUSICIANS.

Nº 2. *Thomas Tallis.*

THOMAS TALLIS, one of the greateſt muſicians that England ever produced, flouriſhed about the middle of the 16th century. He ſerved in the Chapel Royal under four ſucceſſive ſovereigns; Henry VIII. Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth.

His ſtudies ſeem to have been wholly devoted to the ſervice of the church; at leaſt his name is not once to be found to any of the muſical compoſitions of a gayer kind, which are framed for private amuſement.

Among a variety of ſcholars, who profited by his inſtructions, William Bird, hereafter to be taken notice of, appears to have ſtood higheſt in his favour. They made a joint publication in 1575 of one of the nobleſt collections of compoſitions for the ſervice of the church that ever appeared. This work was publiſhed under the protection of a patent of Queen Elizabeth, the firſt of the kind which had been granted.

It is ſomewhat ſingular, that the original Latin words are preſerved in theſe compoſitions intended for the ſervice of the church, at a time when the whole ſervice was performed in Engliſh. It is not eaſy to account for this circumſtance any other way, than by ſuppoſing they were originally intended for Queen Mary's chapel.

Although Tallis is commonly ſaid to have been organiſt to King Henry VIII. it may be doubted whether there exiſted ſuch an eſtabliſhment as that of organiſt to the Chapel Royal prior to the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is more than probable, that anciently the duty of the organiſt, both in cathedral and collegiate churches, and in abbeys, monaſteries, and other religious houſes, was performed by ſome of the vicar's choral, or other members

bers of the choir. Tallis and Bird were severally appointed organists to the Chapel Royal in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Tallis may with great propriety be styled the Father of the cathedral style of music in England. His compositions are elegant and learned; and at the same time are truly original. For although he appears to have been a diligent collector of musical antiquities, and a careful peruser of the works of other men, yet it is much to be doubted, considering the time in which Tallis flourished, whether he owes any thing to the improvements of the great Palestrina, to whom the Italians also give the appellation of Father of the cathedral style. Palestrina appears to have been born in 1529, and to have flourished much about the same time with Tallis, as he died in 1594. It is probable, therefore, that Tallis formed his style upon some of the ancient German musicians, whose reputation at that time was higher than that of the Italians. A circumstance which renders this still more likely is, that Joannes Okenheim, a native of the Low Countries, and a disciple of Iodocus Pratensis, had made a composition for no fewer than 36 voices, which Glareanus says was greatly admired; and Tallis composed a motet for 40 voices *.

But the work of all others by which he has been most distinguished, and is most generally known, is the music of those parts of the English liturgy which were in his time deemed most proper to be sung. These were the two morning services; the one comprehending the *Venite exultemus*, *Te Deum*, and *Benedictus*; and the other, which is part of the communion office, consisting of the *Kyrie Eleison*, Nicene creed, and *Sanctus*;—and also the evening service, containing the *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis*. These are all contained in what is called *Tallis's First Service*. He also set the *preces* and responses, and composed that liturgy which, for its excellence, is sung on solemn occasions in all places where the choral service is performed.

The whole merit of that work is not, however, due to Tallis alone. The *preces* in his first service are the same with those of Marbeck, which will be taken notice of in his life. The responses are somewhat different in the tenor part; but Tallis has considerably improved them by the addition of three parts.

The services of Tallis contain also chants for the *venite exultemus* and the creed of St Athanasius.

Besides the offices above mentioned, Tallis composed many anthems; two of them, of very considerable merit, are contained in the collection published by Bird and him, formerly mentioned, *O sacrum convivium*, better known by the initial words "I call and cry," English words having been adapted to that composition by the celebrated Dean Aldrich:—and *Absterge Domine*, much commended by Butler in his principles of music, who makes use of it as an authority for many purposes. There are several of his anthems printed in a collection, intitled, "The first book of selected church-music, collected out of divers approved authors, by John Barnard, one of the minor canons of the cathedral church of St Paul's, 1641;" as, "O Lord, give thy Holy Spirit," in four parts; "with all our hearts;" "blessed be thy name;" "wipe away my sins;" and others, in five parts. It does not appear that Tallis ever attained any academical honour. He died the 23d day of November 1585, and was buried in the parish church of Greenwich in Kent †. Strype, in his continuation of Stow, published in 1720, has preserved the following epitaph, which he says he found in the

* Hawk. Hist. iii. 262.

† Ibid. 266.

the chancel of the church of Greenwich, engraved on a braſs plate in old letters, upon a ſtone before the rails.

Enterred here doth ly a worthy wyght,
 Who for long time in muſic bore the bell;
His name to ſhew, was Thomas Tallis bygh;
 In honeſt vertuous lyff he dyd excell.
He ſerv'd long time in chappel with grete prayſe
 Four ſoveregyns regnes (a thing not often ſeen).
I mean Kyng Henry and Prince Edward's dayes,
 Queen Mary, and Elizabeth our Queen.
He maryed was, tho' children he had none;
 And lyv'd in love full thre and thirty yeres
With loyal ſpouſe, whoſe name yclypt was Jone,
 Who here entomb'd, him company now bears.
As he did lyve, ſo alſo did he dy,
 In mild and quiet ſort. O happy man!
To God full oft for mercy did he cry;
 Wherefore he lyves, let deth do what he can.

The ſtone on which this inſcription was engraven was repaired by Dean Aldrich *.

L.

Letter to Miſs ——, containing Advice.

My dear Nancy,

YOU know I promiſed to give you my ſentiments on the ſubject which lately engaged us in converſation; I mean, on the conduct of a young woman during courtſhip and after marriage. Though perhaps thoſe who know us may ſmile at my aſſuming the office of a Mentor, yet as I have not been an unobſerving ſpectator of the conduct of the world, nor eſcaped that diſguſt, which impropriety and indecorum frequently excite, you muſt forget my age, and look only at the precepts, without a glance at the preceptor.

If you conſider for a moment, that the man who offers you his hand, ſelects you, from all his acquaintance, as his intimate friend, the companion of his heart, the ſharer of his pleaſures and his misfortunes, you will perceive it to be a diſtinction peculiarly flattering. Yet it is a diſtinction which a momentary fancy may excite, which intereſted motives may dictate, or the more trifling vanity of poſſeſſing a perſon uſually admired and frequently courted may induce. Look at theſe motives, apply them to the man who now ſolicits your diſtinction, and treat him accordingly. If you find that his application reſults from tranſitory or unworthy cauſes, you can have no heſitation: reject him, without ſuffering your heart to ſuggeſt a hint in his favour. If, on the contrary, you perceive that his love is founded on eſteem, on a knowledge of your diſpoſition, on the qualities of your mind; if it is no light effuſion of the moment, but the reſult of a ſteady deliberate reſolution; you may pauſe, and hold the balance with a ſteady hand. But here, my dear girl, comes the trial, the ſevere ordeal, which few of your ſex paſs through with impunity. Thoſe who have figured in the gay world, who have been flattered and attended with the ſervility which diſtinguiſhes the inſipid danglers of the drawing and aſſembly room, find a pleaſure in this round of trifling; their depraved appetites, by ſo long abſtinence from ſolid and nutritious diet, are unable to digeſt any thing but the traſh with which they have been fed. Ladies of this ſtamp receive every offer from a man of modeſt worth and reſpectable talents with diſdain; and from their uſual companions, never meet with a ſimilar propoſal. On the other hand, the more humble dependent catches

* Hawk. Hiſt. iii. 266.

catches at a prospect of a permanent establishment, free from the galling fetters which she has so long felt. In this new situation, she sees nothing but pleasure without restraint, but freedom without alloy. I need not tell you, Nancy, that the conduct of each class is equally reprehensible. There is a different kind of disposition which is occasionally found both in the one and the other, equally fatal to its own interest and to its own happiness. It is distinguished by romantic expectations, and a trifling timidity, not the result of a delicate caution, but of a weak indecisive mind. The romantic girl, her head filled with *sentiment*, looks for the hero of a novel, and yields only after a long courtship, in which all the artillery of attention, duels, and intrigues, have been expended. She who is weak and indecisive, leads her lover on by continual expectation, till his passion, necessarily transitory if unrequited, decays, and is at last extinguished. She then declaims on his inconstancy.

Look at these several pictures with attention; examine the contradictory and jarring atoms which may yet meet in one individual, and you will find some clue to unravel the giddy excentricities of the coquette, or the artful procrastinations of the prude. Avoid both of these extremes: indeed they require only to be contemplated to be rejected with disgust. I will now suppose that you have considered the motives, the situation, and even the person, of the man who addresses you, with a proper impartiality; and have guarded your mind by a prospect of the errors of others, have examined your inclinations with a rigid scrutiny. There are two maxims very generally received by young girls as undisputed truths, though both are equally fallacious: the one, that to accept the hand of a lover requires an ardent love; the other, that the person who has once loved can never be again in the same situation. It is worth while to spend a few moments on each of these positions.

If by *love* is meant that romantic folly which urges your sex to the most unaccountable and unjustifiable connections, I am sure it is not a necessary ingredient in the matrimonial cup. Love, as I have already hinted, is founded on the just basis of esteem and confidence; but it is something more. Between amiable people, of different sexes, it acquires an animating warmth, which raises it above friendship; it acquires an interesting attraction superior to esteem. This warmth, and this attraction, often subsist separate from what ought to be their foundation; but it is invariably found, that while they are "baseless as the fabric of a vision," they are equally unstable also. They leave only unavailing remorse, and an useless, but lasting repentance. In that rational attachment, where esteem is not only the foundation, but the distinguishing feature; where the romantic raptures are obscure and indistinct; there is, at least, a substance durable and permanent. It is not the morning cloud, or the early dew, which the sun or the wind may dissipate: it is interwoven in our natures; it is a part of our constitution; and its duration is equally stable. Supposing that every feeling which can characterise the warmest love, should happen to be joined to this esteem, you will then soon distinguish their different natures. The impetuous passion will, by degrees, soften down to tenderness; the animated warmth will become more temperate, and the whole fabric will disappear, leaving only the steady foundation, which time cannot dissolve. This, Nancy, is not theory only—look into the world, and each moment will show you a striking example of both particulars. What then is the result? Refuse no man be-

becaufe you can *only* efteem him as a *friend:* if he poffeffes delicacy and generofity, your efteem will not melt indeed into love, that is a delufive pofition; but it will foften into a proper tendernefs, which will influence every part of your conduct.

How many has the fecond pofition deceived? yet it will continue to deceive more; for there is fcarcely a girl who thinks that it is poffible to love a fecond time. If it were worth while to contend with this phantom, for be affured, my dear girl, it is one, I need only again direct you to the dictates of experience; and if love *can* be characterifed, it has certainly been found *more* than *once* in the fame perfon. The refuge from the force of thefe examples is trifling and contemptible. A ftrenuous antagonift tells you, that ONE of thefe paffions is the only true love; another, that it is not two, but a continuation of the fame feeling; the perfon only is changed. I will allow both thefe anfwers, ridiculous as they are: for they will teach you, Nancy, another ufeful leffon; though you have loved once, you may yet be happy. If I do not allow them, the leffon is equally eftablifhed by what is my firm opinion, that love, *fo far as it is connected with happinefs*, may be felt more than once for objects very different. The feelings may, in one inftance, be more vivid than in another; and confequently the moft active flame will be alone recognized as the favourite paffion.

With your eyes opened to the fource of thefe different errors, your determination will be more correct; and the confequences more probably fortunate. If you accept of your prefent offer, from the moft deliberate examination, I fhall next offer you fome advice on your conduct. In love-affairs there is an eftablifhed language; but it is a mere fyftem of words, and you fhould confider it in no other light; "honour and favour, coldnefs and cruelty, raptures and defpair," all mean the fame; that is, in fact, neither of them mean any thing. If a man addreffes you in a ftyle fo trifling, it is an affront to your underftanding; if, in another, in a more abfurd and licentious manner, it is an affront to your delicacy. A man of fenfe will addrefs himfelf to your mind; yet, in fuch a fituation, there is fo great a difficulty, the fubject itfelf is fo important, and the fuccefs, in general, fo precarious, that it ftaggers the firmeft refolutions, and difconcerts the moft deliberate determinations. It is faid, and with juftice, that, at this time, every man behaves like a fool; but, perhaps, there is not a more ftrong mark of folly, than a carelefs confident affurance, in a ftep on which future happinefs fo much depends. Do not, therefore, think the worfe of any man who delays his declaration, and, after frequent opportunities, lofes every chance by a feemingly unreafonable diffidence. The anfwer of every woman, in fimilar circumftances, is not very different. If fhe is not aware of the declaration, fhe muft neceffarily be aftonifhed, and unable to reply; if fhe is, her anfwer wears the fame air of doubt, of hefitation, and feemingly of coldnefs. The whole fex refemble Milton's picture of Eve, who would not, "*unfought*, be won." I do not mean to blame this conduct; it is proper in almoft every view. Some deviations from it I have known: and, in fuch circumftances, admired the candour and fincerity of the female heart. In this fituation, I fuppofe that the perfon who afks is not indifferent to the lady; for on this part of the fubject we are now talking. If fhe has determined to reject her lover, nothing can excufe the folly, the injuftice, of not making an explicit declaration in the fofteft, but moft determined language. The delicacy, the *real* delicacy, which

for a proper period seems to shrink from a request of this kind, though sometimes affected, is frequently sincere. The softness of the female mind is not always equal to an instant decision; and its timidity is terrified by the prospect of the important change. But remember, Nancy, every virtue has its kindred vice. This proper, this justifiable delicacy may, when indulged too far, degenerate into the most trifling procrastination. It is not easy to fix its limits, because they must vary with the circumstances of each individual; but I think a woman may know her own opinion, and that of her friends, in two, or at farthest three weeks. If the lover, in that time, is not absolutely rejected, the woman's character will certainly suffer in his mind, and in the opinion of the world, if, without any unforeseen circumstance, he be not at last accepted. In this case delay gives encouragement, and silence, in the common language, gives consent.

I must now, Nancy, leave you for a time to your reflections. I shall probably again address to you what remains on this subject.

I am,
My dear girl,
Your very sincere friend,
ZENO.

T. and C. Mag.

Character of Handel *as a Composer, by Dr* Burney.

THAT Handel was superior in the strength and boldness of his style, the richness of his harmony, and complication of parts, to every composer who has been most admired for such excellencies cannot be disputed. And, while *fugue, contrivance*, and a *full score*, were more generally reverenced than at present, he remained wholly unrivalled.

I know it has been said, that Handel was not the original and immediate inventor of several species of music, for which his name has been celebrated; but with respect to *originality*, it is a term to which proper limits should be set, before it is applied to the productions of any artist. Every *invention* is clumsy in its beginning, and Shakespeare was not the first writer of *plays*, or Corelli the first composer of *violin solos, sonatas*, and *concertos*, though those which he produced are the best of his time; nor was Milton the inventor of *epic poetry*. The scale, harmony, and cadence, of music, being settled, it is impossible for any composer to invent a *genus* of composition that is *wholly and rigorously new*, any more than for a poet to form a *language, idiom, and phraseology*, for himself. All that the greatest and boldest musical inventor *can* do, is to avail himself of the best effusions, combinations, and effects, of his predecessors, to arrange and apply them in a new manner; and to add, from his own source, whatever he can draw, that is grand, graceful, gay, pathetic, or in any other way pleasing. This Handel did in a most ample and superior manner; being possessed, in his middle age and full vigour, of every refinement and perfection of his time; uniting the depth and elaborate contrivance of his own country, with Italian elegance and facility; as he seems, while he resided south of the Alps, to have listened attentively in the church, theatre, and chamber, to the most exquisite compositions and performers of every kind that were then existing.

And though we had *cantatas* by Carissimi, Alessandro Scarlatti, Gasparini, and Marcello; *duets* by Steffani and Clari; *vocal choruses*, with-

out inſtrumental accompaniments by Paleſtrina, and our own Tallis, Bird, and Purcell; and with accompaniments by Cariſſimi, as well as Paolo Colonna; with *violin ſonatas* and *concertos* by Corelli and Geminiani; yet it may with the utmoſt truth be aſſerted, that Handel added conſiderable beauties to whatever ſtyle or ſpecies of compoſition he adopted, which in a larger work it would not be difficult to demonſtrate by examples. At preſent, I ſhall only venture to give it as part of my muſical *profeſſion de foi*, that his *air* or *melody*, is greatly ſuperior to any that can be found in the otherwiſe charming cantatas which Cariſſimi ſeems to have invented; that he is more natural in his voice-parts, and has given *more movement to his baſes* than Aleſ. Scarlatti; that he has more *force* and *originality* than Gaſparini or Marcello; that his *chamber duets* are at leaſt equal to thoſe of Steffani and Clari, who were remarkable for no other ſpecies of compoſition. And though the late Dr Boyce uſed to ſay, that Handel had great obligations to Colonna for his choruſes *with inſtrumental accompaniments*, it ſeems indiſputable, that ſuch choruſes were infinitely more obliged to Handel than he to Colonna, or indeed than they were to all the compoſers that have ever exiſted. It is my belief likewiſe, that the beſt of his *Italian opera ſongs* ſurpaſs in variety of ſtyle, and ingenuity of accompaniment, thoſe of all preceding and cotemporary compoſers throughout Europe; that he has more *fire* in his compoſitions for violins than Corelli, and more *rhythm* than Geminiani; that in his full, maſterly, and excellent *organ fugues*, upon the moſt natural and pleaſing ſubjects, he has ſurpaſſed Freſcobaldi, and even Sebaſtian, Bach, and others of his countrymen, the moſt renowned for abilities in this difficult and elaborate ſpecies of compoſition; and, laſtly, that all the judicious and unprejudiced muſicians of every country, upon hearing or peruſing his noble, majeſtic, and frequently ſublime *full anthems* and *oratorio choruſes*, muſt allow with readineſs and rapture, that they are utterly unacquainted with any thing equal to them among the works of the greateſt maſters that have exiſted ſince the invention of counterpoint.

ACCOUNT *of the Diſcovery of the* WHITE HILL, *or* MONT BLANC, *in the Alps. By Mr* BOURRET, *of Geneva, in* 1784.

MANY deſcriptions have been written of Mont Blanc, but its ſummit has ever been deemed inacceſſible. The *Buet*, though the higheſt mountain hitherto explored, is not more than 1578 fathoms; yet its top is covered with a plain of never-melting ice. Mr Bourret, after having diſcovered the road that leads to it, and viſited that place ſeven different times, turned all his thoughts to find out the means of aſcending the Mont Blanc. After various attempts for the ſpace of ſix years, he made an effort the latter end of laſt year (1784); but after having got very high, he was overtaken by a ſtorm, which compelled him to retire, after a moſt uncomfortable night, ſpent in the open air, on the rocks which ſtood neareſt to the heaps of ice and ſnow.

Mr Bourret, no ways diſcouraged by this firſt diſappointment, ſurveyed the hill, and imagined that it was of an eaſier acceſs from the defile that leads to the paſſage called *Bon Homme*, than from Chamouni. Having reached that part of the Alps, he took ſome neceſſary informations,

and

and in company with two huntſmen, inhabitants of the Hamlet called *La Grue*, two more from Chamouni, and another from Salenche, he entered the vale of Bianocay, ſituate at the foot of a great plain of ice that comes down from Mont Blanc. The vale above mentioned is truly *unique* in its kind; entrailed as it were in the very bowels of the earth, its ſoil is well cultivated, and its ſituation beautiful and pleaſing in every reſpect. The only way to it is thro' a craggy foot-path, bordered with moſt dreadful precipices. They arrived at that place on Thurſday the 16th September 1784; but continuing on their way, they reached the laſt *lactarium* or dairy, where they were welcomed by the only inhabitant, a young girl, who made a fire, and refreſhed them with ſome milk; after which our bold travellers laid themſelves down on the dry graſs for a few hours. Between twelve and one o'clock the next morning they went on, preceded by a man bearing a light before them. This method of climbing up hills in the dead of night has its advantages in this—the eye of the traveller is not terrified by the ſight of the precipices that ſtand on each ſide of him. Beſides, the road appears leſs tedious, as the eye cannot meaſure the length of the way. They went on in this manner; and after a fatiguing walk of four leagues and a half, keeping cloſe to the icy plain on their right hand, ſtunned by the tremenduous noiſe of the torrents, and the rolling down of the ice, imitating in its fall the roaring of the loudeſt thunder, they ſtopped till day-light. They could not help admiring the purity of the ſky, the quantity and brilliancy of the ſtars; but they obſerved, that as they went up, the air grew keener at every ſtep, and the wind blew vehemently from the heights.

At day-break they reſumed their painful taſk; they climbed over huge rocks, which, however, as they were ſolid, proved no great obſtacle to them; the greateſt inconvenience they felt was from the moſt piercing cold, which increaſed every inſtant. Having reached the bottom of Mont Blanc, Mr Bourret put on warmer clothes, and with his cramp-irons prepared to croſs an immenſe plain of ice. Mean while, two of his companions attempted to aſcend from the oppoſite declivity, and were ſoon out of ſight. Their ſudden diſappearance did not create much anxiety, becauſe it often happens, that after ſeveral windings round rocks, ſtanding at ſmall diſtances from each other, the parties at laſt meet on the ſame ſpot. This was not the caſe here; ſeveral hours elapſed before they were deſcried again, ſtanding at the extremity of the icy plain. The firſt ſight of two living creatures on that dreary and frightful ſpot, as it raiſed the admiration of their fellow-travellers, excited in the latter a ſpirit of emulation to join them. They went on, therefore, with freſh courage; but their progreſs was ſoon ſtopped by ſuch penetrating cold, that they began to deſpair of overcoming this new obſtacle. The air was ſo keen, that they felt as if the ſkin on their face had been raiſed up by the pricking of a needle. The inhabitant of Salenche could not ſupport it any longer, and was left behind by his companions, in a ſituation ſimilar to thoſe men who are abandoned in a deſert and dreary iſland.

Although this might be conſidered as an incumbrance our travellers had got rid of, yet they were not more lucky in their own fortunes. Mr Bourret finding his ſtrength fail him, they bethought themſelves of recruiting his ſpirits with a glaſs of wine; but as fate would have it, the two men who had gone before had carried this their only cordial with them; mean while, the cold grew

grew so intense, that the thermometer was down four degrees below 0; so that the only thing to be done, was to reach, if possible, such spots as were cherished by the rays of the sun. The determination was unanimous. They ranged along the Mont Blanc: all their thoughts now turned to their two fellow-travellers, whom they soon perceived climbing up the last rocks that support the huge colossus. They cried out to their companions, that they felt a piercing and almost insupportable cold, and that they experienced the greatest difficulties in ascending the rocks. All those, however, they overcame, and were at last discovered standing on that snow-topped mountain, which had been hitherto impervious to mortal man, and pursuing their way under a sky of an azure so lively and resplendent, that it dazzled the beholder. How wonderful and magnificent a spectacle the ascending of those two men, and their appearing as it were to scale heaven, must have proved for those who were witnesses of their efforts and success!

Mr Bourret afterwards carried his steps another way, towards the icy hill called *Grias,* which leads down to Chamouni. In order to reach its summit, he was obliged to cross two large plains of ice, intersected with wide gaping crevices. On the first of these he felt a shock similar to that of an earthquake, which was instantly followed by a loud and general crack: this greatly terrified Mr Bourret's companion, who was unused to such a phenomenon. Our traveller cheered him up, and taking him under the arm, led him to the brink of a crevice, or rather a frightful abyss, above 100 feet deep. The second hill offered new objects of contemplation: this was covered with snow and sharp-pointed pieces of ice. Having with great pain and fatigue reached the extremity of the icy hill, Mr Bourret enjoyed the astonishing prospect of the Great Needles, admired their stupenduous and giant-like form, and the numerous flakes of ice they support. Never had any thing so entirely captivated his attention throughout his frequent journeys in the Alps. His wondering eye ranged over the immense distances; the fields and plains below appeared to him as so many wheel-ruts. The enchanting vale of Chamouni then under him, at the depth of 1500 fathoms, was a phenomenon amongst so many beauteous and awful horrors that surrounded him. Had not recollection brought to his mind that the spots beneath him were inhabited by his fellow-creatures, he might have thought himself transported into a new-modelled world; every thing that struck his sight appearing in so different a light from which he had been used to view those very objects. At that distance from the earth, the latter seems to be no more than a heap of mountains, of inaccessible heights, and ice-topped hills, nothing appearing to the eye but summits of resplendent ice and snow, white vales, and peaks, variegated into a thousand different forms.

Here it was that Mr Bourret stopped to take a little rest. He and his two companions sat themselves down on the brink of a huge rock, their legs hanging down a precipice of a thousand feet in depth. This situation, the bare idea of which must strike every one with horror, was by our travellers contemplated with indifference. They felt no anxiety for themselves, nor for Mr Bourret's little dog, who ventured on the smallest juttings-out of the rocks, and skipped from one to the other with all the deliberation and dexterity of the chamois or wild goat. They remained there for the space of an hour, in a climate, where at noon the thermometer fell below 0; nor would they have thought about

pro-

prosecuting their journey for some time, had not the inhabitant of Salenche, overpowered by sleep whilst in a standing posture, fallen to the ground, and so near the precipice, that a retreat from so dangerous a spot was deemed prudent and necessary; the more so, that Mr Bourret felt himself greatly indisposed. His concern was for the two adventurers who had left him. A world of dangers surrounded them; he feared lest they should have met with obstacles too great for the power of man to overcome; nay, the very keenness of the air in those unknown regions was sufficient to destroy them. All these melancholy reflections greatly contributed to increase the disorder of Mr Bourret, who nevertheless with great pain, and supported by his companion, reached the vale of Bianocay about five P. M. and at last the village of Bionnay, to rest himself a while, take provisions, and return in search of the two missing travellers. This fatigue, however, they were not at the trouble to undergo, as about eleven o'clock at night a voice was heard, vociferating, "Here I am, safely returned from the Mont Blanc." This was Francis Guidet, who gave the following account: "From the instant we lost sight of you, Sir, and our companions, we journeyed for four hours over the snow, and reached the dome or summit of the Gouté, hanging over the white dale, situate in the Vale D'Aost, in Piedmont. From this height we commanded an immense prospect, with the Alps under us, and so extensive a country, that it was out of our power to estimate it; besides the lake of Geneva and others, all the hills and plains of ice, &c. Here, instead of experiencing any cold, we felt as if placed in a warm oven. We never thought of coming down, till we observed the sun a great way beneath us, and filling so immense a space as struck us with terror. In two hours time we had left the snowy regions, having slid down by the help of our sticks with such velocity as to lose breath every instant. We did not return over the rocks of the Gouté, but steered towards the icy hill of Bianocay, where you justly deemed the ascent more practicable. In this you were not mistaken, as the rocks there gave us no trouble. Arrived at the foot of the Gouté, and missing you there, we came to this place, where my companion Coulet left me to go back to Chamouni. For my part, deeming it my duty, I stopped here, to put an end to the anxiety you must have felt for our safety."

Thus was the Mont Blanc discovered.—The way that leads to it is easy; and this success proves that Mr Bourret was right in his notions.

The two hardy travellers, in their way back, discovered a crystal oven, where they could not go for want of time. They also perceived, at the height of sixty or eighty fathoms above them, another peak, which they were compelled to leave unexplored, as they wanted both leisure and instruments to cut steps on the ice that surrounded it on all sides. By the report of those two men, and the measurement of the top of the Mont Blanc, they reached to the height of 2346 fathoms.

The reason given by Mr Bourret why the heat experienced by the two travellers should act so powerfully on the body, and yet not dissolve the snow, is, that the amazing whiteness of the latter repels the rays of the sun, which, on the contrary, are entirely absorbed by the body.

Lond. Mag.

A Legitimate DAUGHTER *acknowledged by the Count of* ALBANY.

IT has been imagined, that on the death of the Count of Albany, commonly called the *Pretender*, and that of his brother, the race of Stuart would become extinct; but it now seems in a fair way of being continued by a lady whom the old Chevalier has lately declared to be his legitimate daughter. Of this event the following are said to be the particulars:

" Lady Charlotte, now created Duchess of Albany, is daughter to that monarch *in nubibus*, commonly styled the *Pretender*. Her mother, we hear, was a Scotch lady of the first fashion; but whether now alive or not we cannot take upon us to assert. Lady Charlotte lived retired and unknown amongst the nuns of St Mary, in the Rue St Jacques, on a pension of 60,000 livres, allowed her by her uncle Cardinal York. Her ladyship's surprise must have been equally great and flattering, when, after so many years passed without taking the least notice of her, the Chevalier wrote to her from Florence, about a month ago, requesting her company to comfort him in his old age. This letter inclosed the various instruments, acknowledging her birth, granting her letters of legitimacy, and creating her Duchess of Albany, together with a copy of his will; by which he appoints her heiress to all his possessions, both *ideal* and real; amongst the latter are included his goods and chattels in France, the parliament acknowledging that the former should not be subject to the right of *escheat* or *aubaine*, by which the said estates must otherwise have reverted to the crown. The bulk of the Chevalier's fortune in France, including his jewels and moveables, is valued at above two millions of livres (about 100,000l.) Those who are acquainted with the wretched situation in which he was found by the king of Sweden, whose sensibility was so greatly affected by the Chevalier's distress as to offer the latter his friendship, and to pay him a subsidiary stipend, will look upon the above estimate as somewhat exaggerated; but they should be told, that it is to this very visit from his Swedish Majesty that the Chevalier is indebted for the recovery of the best part of the possessions alluded to. The fact is as follows:—The King of Sweden being informed by the Chevalier that the Cardinal York kept from him all the family jewels, to a very considerable amount, waited on him when at Rome, and expostulated with him on the wretched plight to which the Chevalier was reduced, exhorting the Cardinal to return the jewels to his unfortunate brother; but this application, even from so great an intercessor, would have failed of success, with a man equally conspicuous for his immense wealth, and a parsimony that would degrade the meanest character, had not the King of Sweden called to his assistance the powerful influence of the Pope. The jewels were returned, and part of them sold by the Chevalier. Thus the Cardinal, who carries the love of money so far as to exact of his sister in-law, the Princess de Stolberg, 500 crowns for the hire of part of a palace which he never inhabits himself, was forced, by the apprehension of incurring the disgrace of his holiness, to do his brother that justice which neither nature, humanity, nor the interference of an amiable monarch, could have extorted from him. Since that time the Chevalier is said to have totally forsaken that debasing habit of drinking which had degraded him

in the opinion of his beſt friends. With ſobriety, his peace of mind, natural good ſenſe, and underſtanding, are returned, and his royal friend is highly pleaſed both with his conduct and converſation. It is worthy of remark, that the Chevalier, notwithſtanding his natural forbearance, and the humiliations he has experienced, aſſumes the imperious ſtyle of a ſovereign, in the letters written by him to Monſ. de Vergennes concerning Lady Charlotte. He does not requeſt the King to legitimate her, &c. but does it of his own authority, and only expreſſes a wiſh that the King may not withhold his conſent; which has been readily granted."

Lond. Mag.

SPEECH *to King* HENRY IV.

WHEN King Henry IV. had left Poitou, and came up to the little bridge of Monteontour, he found there, waiting to addreſs him, the petty juſtice of the peace, a tall, withered old man, with a long viſage, full of deep wrinkles, his eyes ſunk in his head, his beard long and white, and his habit very rough and ſlovenly.

This man preſenting himſelf to make his harangue to the King, gathered all the courtiers about him, rather for a ſhare in the laugh which they fall into on ſuch occaſions, than expecting to hear any thing worth their attention.

The orator immediately, with a grave and ſad compoſure, ſpake as follows:

"Sire, ſome of the ancients, adorers of their Kings, called them gods; others, more modeſtly, ſtyled them images of the Supreme Being: now, it is agreeable to reaſon, that the image ſhould reſemble the original; we are pleaſed with pictures that repreſent us truly, and preſerve them carefully; but ſuch as disfigure us, and have no right to the name they bear, we throw into the fire, and deſtroy.

"The features of the face of God are juſtice and mercy—Princes who are juſt and merciful are kept in the boſom of the Moſt High, as his well-beloved portraits; but unjuſt and unmerciful Kings are images of him who, being a murderer from the beginning, ſpirits up the hearts of the great to command murders, and of nobles and armies to execute them, and to deſpoil the face of the earth of its native beauty, by covering it over with hideous ſpectacles, ſuch as we have lately ſeen on the plain you have now paſſed over; which our eyes beheld one morning enlivened with the appearance of the moſt gallant nobility of France; under the ſame ſun, covered with their blood; and within two days after, ſtinking with the putrid ſmell of ten thouſand moſt excellent warriors; we now ſee it at laſt whitening with their bones. Our very dogs are turned wolves by over-gorging themſelves with blood, the blood of thoſe who had themſelves been for ſome time before employed in ſlaughtering a whole country; leaving behind them dead bones in the place of living men, and cauſing helpleſs infants to periſh, while ſucking at the half-ſtarved breaſts of their famiſhed mothers.

"Death now paid them in groſs what they had lent him by retail; but the reckoning is not ſo to end—for God will require the lives of thouſands at the hands of thoſe by whoſe commands they have fallen; and beſides this, few of thoſe grandees eſcape unſlaughtered to their graves, becauſe the great Judge of all, even in this world, executes judgement.

"Sire,

"Sire, your port and countenance promise nothing but high and generous designs: if these depart from justice, which is the only thing indispensably necessary to pursue, they very seldom produce the happy births we wish for, but, in their stead, abortions of monstrous accidents, supposed to be only owing to cross and unlucky fortune, when thoughtless gaiety speaks its opinion.

"But, Sire, be you instructed, that when we go beyond the bounds that God has prescribed us, he fattens us up for the slaughter, he raises us beyond all measure, to increase beyond measure our fall from the precipice, thereby to signalize the strokes of his judgment.

"Suffer, Sire, those mouths to utter their sorrowful grievances which are daily employed in praying for you against all sinister accidents: our harangue is rough; you have furnished the matter. Taste the fruit of what your hands have sown; and do not let our discourse only produce horror in you, without producing a change. God mixes his notices in the complaints he sends beforehand, as if he were willing to justify himself: it was thus, when he ordained his thunder to strike the head of Dioclesian, he first directed a thunderbolt to fall at his feet.

"May the King of kings inspire you with salutary thoughts, and direct your actions to what is good; teaching your hands, able as they have been in combat to manage the sword gloriously, so to wield happily the sceptre of peace."

The King stood astonished; and after a long pause gave this answer:

"I take your speech in good part; I thank you for it, and shall never forget it."

D———E.

Some ACCOUNT *of the* HOTTENTOTS, *from* SPARMANN'S *Voyage; lately published in* German.

THE Hottentots, in general, are as strong and well built a race of men as the Europeans; and where it is otherwise, it is owing to the scantiness of their food. Their hands and feet, however, a thing taken notice of by no preceding traveller, are very small in proportion to the rest of the body; the upper part of the nose is commonly flat, which makes the eyes seems at a greater distance from each other than those of the Europeans. They in general incline to be black; their countenances are like those of the Europeans who have the jaundice to a great degree, but no mark of this disorder appears in their eyes. Their lips are not so large as those of their neighbours, the Negroes, Caffres, and Mozambickers. Their mouths are of the middling size, and they have very fine teeth. Their whole appearance bespeaks health and content. They appear to be covered with a kind of wool; but when you come near, it turns out only fine hair, like that of the Negroes.—It has been commonly believed, that when they come to ten years of age, fathers rob their male children of one part of what marks them for men, and that the women have a natural apron to cover their shame; but both stories are false, and the last is grounded only on some circumstances peculiar to the climate. They anoint themselves with a kind of powder and oil, like other nations; but in other respects, go almost naked.——Here Mr S. goes into a long account of their mode of besmearing themselves, and of the particulars of their dress; but the subject is not entertaining enough to dwell on, especially as the difference betwixt Kolbe and him is not

material. Plates of feveral parts of the drefs are given, particularly of a very curious fhoe, which Mr Sparmann thinks might be adopted in Europe. It is probable this fhoe, or fomething like it, is to be found in the British Mufeum, where there is a collection of this kind of *little* clothing, from various parts of the world, well worthy the obfervation of the curious. Mr Sparmann fays fomething (not different from what is faid by Kolbe) of the huts and kraals, and then proceeds to fpeak of the Bufchmanners at fome length. As he had better opportunities of knowing them than other travellers, I fhall throw together what he fays on the fubject.

The Bufchmanners (or Bufchees as Kolbe calls them) are a fpecies of wild Hottentots, who dwell in the mountains, and are mortal enemies to the inhabitants of the plains. They fight with bows and poifoned arrows; the poifon of which is of fo deadly a nature, that a lion wounded by one of them drops down dead in a very few minutes, though at firft the wound appears fo fmall that he defpifes it. The poifon is collected from various fnakes, but is perfectly innocent (as the Hottentots well know) when taken internally. Mr Sparmann gives a plate of the quiver, bows and arrows, and an exact defcription.

The habitations of thefe wild men are as horrid as their manners; for they live moft part in clefts and dens, and are more uncleanly than feveral wild beafts, as you often find their naftinefs in their beds.

As they know no more of agriculture than monkeys, they are forced, like thefe, to live upon the roots they can pick up; only fometimes they add to them, fnakes, fpiders, cockchafers, and ants.

The Europeans, accompanied by the tame Hottentots, and fome of the Bufchmanners they have before taken prifoners, make regular hunts of them, as they would of wolves or other beafts of prey; a practice often accompanied with great cruelties, and which may fome time drive the Dutch out of the country, as thefe people are very probably the only ones who have preferved a proper regard for their liberties.

The fpeech, as well as the religion of the Bufchmanners, is the fame as that of the other Hottentots. Neither of thefe people acknowledge any being as mafter and governor of the earth. If you talk to them about thefe matters, they fay they know nothing of them. On my fpeaking about them to fome of thofe who had made fome progrefs in Dutch, they anfwered, We are ftupid, and know nothing of thefe things, can underftand nothing of them, and would foon be weary of fuch dry fubjects. As they all believe in magic, they feem to acknowledge an evil principle; but pay him no homage, and make no prayers to him, though they believe he is the caufe of cold and fnow, and thunder and lightening, and all the evils that befal them.

In fome parts of the country the Bufchmanners do the regular Hottentots a great deal of mifchief, and often compel them to abandon houfe and home. They will fhoot at the fheep from their lurking places, or often drive away whole herds of them, the only property of the poor inhabitants. It is in vain to purfue them, as they are extremely fwift of foot, and fly for refuge to their mountains, where it is impoffible for the inhabitants of the plains to climb after them, efpecially as they hurl down great ftones after they are got up.

It is quite ufelefs to endeavour to convince the Hottentots, that without rain neither they nor their cattle would have any food, and confequently muft perifh. Thofe of them

I took into my ſervice at Zwellendam perſiſted in their opinion, notwithſtanding all I could ſay to the contrary, that rain was a bad thing, and that it would be better if there was no rain. They all believe that their conjurors have the power of making rain ceaſe; and when theſe do not ſucceed, attribute it to the influence of a greater magician, who lays ſpells in the way.

They believe, too, that all diſorders are occaſioned by magic, and can be cured by it; notwithſtanding which, however, they do not fail to apply both external and internal remedies, which are ſupplied by their magicians. The external conſiſt in laying the patient upon his back, and nipping and pinching him till they produce a bone, which they pretend was put in by witchcraft, and they have brought it out thro' the noſe or ear. It often happens that the patient gets eaſe by the operation; but if he dies, they lament that he was ſo ſore bewitched that they could not ſave him. A Hottentot told me, that when he was young he had ſeen a bone, like the ſhank-bone of an ox he had brought home a few days before for a play-thing, *produced* from the back of a man. The Hottentots were much ſurpriſed to ſee a lion tear to pieces a magician whom they had taken out to bewitch him; but they imputed the accident to the power of a more powerful conjuror, who was an enemy to the other.—Like European conjurors, theſe gentlemen ſometimes get into danger by their roguery. An inſtance of this happened lately in the caſe of a Caffre chief, who happening not to be cured of a violent diſeaſe, ordered a general maſſacre of the magicians, as Herod had done of the children at Bethlehem.

The Hottentots, though not afraid in the dark, ſeem to have ſome terror of apparitions, and beg of their dead to go forward on their way, and not return to moleſt them.

There is a whole family of inſects (the mantis) which the Dutch inhabitants call the gods of the Hottentots. So far, however, from their being held in any extraordinary veneration by them, they gave ſeveral of them to Mr Sparmann, though they ſaw him ſtick a needle thro' his inſects.

Kolbe is quite miſtaken in thinking that they worſhip the moon. It is true that they have dances by moon-light; but theſe have no more to do with religion than our walks by moon-light in Europe.

Deſcription and drawing of their tobacco-pipes, which alſo ſerve them for a flute.

Though the Hottentots ſpeak through the noſe, their language is not diſagreeable when you are a little uſed to it. Mr Sparmann gives a long vocabulary of it at the end of his work. They have a ſort of game which may be called a kind of quadrille, as they ſit down four of them to it over their ſmoke holes, the favourite place in their hut; their play conſiſts in a ſort of perpetual motion of the arms, now over, now under, now croſs-wiſe, without their touching each other. This made me think at firſt (ſays Mr Sparmann) it was a kind of dance or exerciſe of the body ſitting; but I believe they have ſome fixed rules for it, and ſome views of profit and loſs in it, as at certain times they take little bits of wood betwixt their finger and thumb, and break out into great hoarſe-laughs, ariſing, as I was told, when I inquired into the cauſe of them, from their having won or loſt ſomething. One of the quadrille fell aſleep after a few hours, whilſt the others continued till day-light, ſinging the following words, *Hei pruah phrua, hey ptruah t hey, hey pruah ha*—Of the meaning of the words, I could gain no other account than that they had learn-

learned them with the game from some of their companions, who had been to the Hottentots who live to the north. Possibly they mean no more than the European *tralala*. I saw this game also played in the Cape town, by some Hottentots whom a butcher had brought with him from the snow mountains.

The youngest son is the heir of all the substance.

Mr Sparmann enters into a long account of the improvement of the manufactures of the country, which, however, would afford the reader little entertainment. Mr Sparmann knew only one farmer who had learned how to use the wool of his sheep. In general, the possessors of hundreds of these animals up the country go bare-legged and in tattered clothes, for want of knowing how to improve the blessings of Nature.

We have then some account of the mixture of the breeds, by the intermarriages of Hottentots and Europeans. The children are commonly woolly like the Hottentots; but in other respects resemble either the father or the mother, as it falls out.

The custom of sprinkling the bride and bridegroom with urine appears not to be universal.

They bury their dead in so slovenly a manner as to expose them to be soon pulled up again and devoured by the wild beasts.

Much has been said of the custom of exposing their parents to perish when they grow old and helpless; a Christian Hottentot told the author, that being once travelling, he had met with a place on a heath surrounded with a few poles and bushes; in the midst of which he found a blind old Hottentot with only a jug with some water in it. The Hottentot was at first frightened when he found the Christians coming up, but afterwards grew very insolent. He seemed evidently to have been left there to perish by his kraal; but made no complaint, and did not desire to be taken away.

When a woman dies in child-bed, they wrap the child up alive in a sheep-skin, and bury it with her. I had occasion to come at the knowledge of several instances of this. This is a farther confirmation that persons advanced in age, who have no proper friends to take care of them, are treated in the same manner.

The Sonaquas Hottentots visit the author. These are a species betwixt the Hottentots and Caffres.

Only the men wear bracelets. A Caffre, who had sold me his bracelet, lamented that he must now be forced to go naked armed like a woman. The author was told that public indecency, carried to its highest pitch, constituted part of the festive dance of the Caffres;—both sexes commonly go quite naked—Account and drawing of their hassaguays or spears.

The largest rivers of the country are the t'Kamsi t'Kai, the t'Nu Kay, the lesser Zomo, and the larger Zomo. These run from the north to south, or south-west, through the land of the Caffres, and disembogue in the sea. From Rau Ray, or the large Fish River, to the t'Kamsi-t'Kamsi-Kay, or the lesser Fish River, they reckon seven days journey (each day consists of eight miles, which you go in waggons drawn by oxen, and without halting, in eight hours); from thence to t'Nu Ray, or the Black River, is one day's journey; from hence to the lesser Zomo, two days; and from there to the larger Zomo, half a day. The Buschmanners have a large settlement, eleven days journey in breadth, between the Fish River and the Zomo. *Here* they live in a kind of society, and in a pastoral state. Christians, in small companies, have travelled unmolested through their country; but they have found it necessary to set their waggons together in the night, and shut themselves up in

in them. On this side the Zomo are another nation, resembling the Chinese Hottentots in colour and growth, but stronger and braver. These they call the *Tambucki*; and on the confines of these are another people, still braver and stouter, called the *Mambuki*. The Chinese Hottentots say, that the Tambuckis trade with them for wood to put into their ovens, in which they smelt a kind of metals with which they finish their dresses, Mr Sparmann saw some ear-rings made of these at Bruynteshohe (there is a plate of them given.) The metal is a mixture of copper and silver.

The Caffres dwell on the eastern coast of the large Fish River. This people know nothing of breeding sheep, but have only horned cattle. They clothe themselves in cow-hides, which are rendered very limber by rubbing and smearing them with fat. Their houses are small and square, built of young twigs, and covered with mule and cows dung; which last gives them the appearance of small stone buildings. Their weapons are leathern shields, which cover their whole bodies, and hassaguays, or a particular kind of spear. Instead of being republican, like the Hottentots their neighbours, who abhor every idea of monarchy, they are governed by kings, who are always at war with each other. Their wars are very frequent, being commonly begun about a calf that has been stolen, or some such equally important matter. The dignity of those monarchs is hereditary.—— They kill all the common prisoners; *but the kings make it a rule to send each other home, with calm exhortations to sit still and be quiet.* However, they never totally extirpate any people; but desire them to confess the game is lost, and to beg for peace. Some time since, being smitten with love of the iron in the carriages of some Dutch travellers thro' their country, who had gone amongst them to shoot elephants; they put them almost all to death. I have marked on my map a district, which is called King Ruyter's Kraal, after the name of the man who lives there. His history is curious. He was a farmer's servant at Rogge Wedd, who in a scuffle killed some of his fellow-servants: knowing that he should be hanged for this if he was caught, he run away to Buschmanners River. Here he found means, by his abilities, to civilize some of the Buschmanners; and soon acquired such an ascendant as to make himself not only feared, but respected by the Caffres his neighbours. He punished his own subjects with death for the slightest offences, and used to execute the law upon them with his own hands. With the colonists he lived upon very good terms, and used to assist them in taking the Buschmanners prisoners; in return for which he received tobacco. He is now grown old; and the tyranny, founded on strength only, has fallen with the strength that supported it. —He has been forced to ask tobacco as a charitable boon; and his own men left him in the enemies hand when he led them against the Caffres. These, however, sent him back because he was a sovereign prince; but told him they would put out his eyes if ever he came amongst them again.

Still, however, his passion for war is not quelled; but he has promised to go out against another captain of Buschmanners as soon as he can get iron enough for his arrows. In this expedition it is supposed he will find his death; and if he does, he means his youngest son should be his successor; but 'tis imagined this kingdom will not be established.

Worms are a very common disorder amongst the Hottentots. Mr Sparmann's physical knowledge enabling him to cure them, procured him

him more information than he could have got for any money. The travellers met a company of Caffres in the wilderness, and escaped being put to death only by putting on a good face, speaking high words, playing *hocus pocus* tricks (the words of the author) with their blunderbusses, throwing powder from time to time in the fire, and fortifying their waggons in the night (this they did not to be pierced through, as had been the case with a former traveller) with great coats, bundles of paper, and the flesh of the rhinoceros they had killed. Mr Sparmann found great heaps of stones, three, four, or four feet and a half high, and six, eight, or ten feet in circumference. They stand ten, twenty, fifty, two hundred, and more, paces from each other, and run in parallel right lines. The author had seen them before, and was informed that they stretch far into the country; a sure sign that it was once inhabited by a far mightier and more polished people than the present possessors, as neither Caffres or Hottentots have any funeral rites at all congenial to these. Mr Sparmann dug into one of these, and found something like rotten wood, and mouldered bones; but he could not stay long, as the country is now tenanted by lions, who are great foes to the virtuosi. It is said that a planter found, at some distance, several fragments of hewn stone. This merits confirmation; and no one is fitter for the business than Captain Gordon, who is in the administration at the Cape, and whose high talents fit him for any kind of investigation.

Mr Sparmann was out in the whole about nine months. He closes his interesting and well written book with a narrative of the horrid tyranny of the Europeans in this country over their poor slaves.

After the vocabulary are some bars of Caffre music.

Matty's Review.

MEMOIRS *of the* LIFE *and* WRITINGS *of the late Dr* SMOLLETT.

Dr TOBIAS SMOLLETT, an author whose writings will transmit his name with honour to posterity, was born about the year 1720, at a small village, within two miles of Cameron, on the banks of the river Leven. He appears to have received a classical education, and was bred to the practice of physic and surgery. It is a trite remark, that the lives of authors are little more than an enumeration and account of their works: they are generally so deficient in incident, that after a complete catalogue of their writings is produced, nothing more can be added, except the times of their births and deaths. If Fame can be depended upon, this observation will not apply to Dr Smollet. The chief incidents in the early part of his life, it is said, were given to the public in one of the best of his productions, the Novel of Roderick Random, which was first published in 1748: however, whether that report be well founded or not, it is certain that he was at the siege of Carthagena in the capacity of a surgeon; and in the before-mentioned novel he has given a faithful, though no very pleasing account of the management of that ill-conducted expedition, which he censures in the warmest terms, and from circumstances which fell under his own particular observation. In 'A Compendium of authentic Voyages, digested in a Chronological Series,' 7 vols 12mo, published in 1756, is likewise inserted a short narrative of the expedition to Carthagena in 1741, written with great spirit, but abounding

with too much acrimony; the author of which we conceive to be Dr Smollet, the supposed editor of these Voyages.—His connection with the sea seems not to have been of long continuance; and it is probable that he wrote several pieces before he became known to the public by his capital productions. The first piece we know of with certainty is a Satire in two parts, printed first in the years 1746 and 1747, and reprinted in a Collection of his Plays and Poems in 1777.——About this period, or some time before, he wrote for Mr Rich an opera, intitled Alceste, which has never been performed nor printed. The music to it was composed by Mr Handel; who finding that no use was intended to be made of it, afterwards adapted it to Mr Dryden's lesser Ode for St Cecilia's day.

At the age of 18, he wrote a tragedy, intitled, 'The Regicide,' founded on the story of the assassination of James I. of Scotland. In the preface to the publication of this piece, by subscription, in the year 1749, he bitterly exclaimed against false patrons, and the duplicity of theatrical managers. The warmth and impetuosity of his temper hurried him, on this occasion, into unjust reflections against the late George Lord Lyttleton, and Mr Garrick: the character of the former he characterised in the Novel of Peregrine Pickle, and he added a burlesque of the Monody written by that nobleman on the death of his Lady. Against Mr Garrick he made illiberal ill-founded criticisms; and in his Novel of Roderick Random, gave a very unfair representation of his treatment of him respecting this tragedy. Of this conduct he afterwards repented, and acknowledged his errors; though in the subsequent editions of the Novel, the passages, which were the hasty effusions of disappointment, are not omitted; which we think they should have been. However, in giving a sketch of the liberal arts in his History of England, he afterwards remarked, 'the exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the eloquence of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression.

'Candidates for literary fame appeared even in the higher sphere of life, embellished by the nervous sense and extensive erudition of a Corke; by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and the tender feelings of a Lyttleton.'

Not satisfied with this public declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Mr Garrick:

'DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, Jan. 27, 1762.

'I this morning received your Winter's Tale, and am agreeably flattered by this mark of your attention. What I have said of Mr Garrick in the History of England was, I protest, the language of my heart. I shall rejoice if he thinks I have done him barely justice. I am sure the public will think I have done no more than justice. In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I thought it was a duty incumbent on me in particular to make a public atonement in a work of truth for wrongs done him in a work of fiction.

'Among the other inconveniences arising from ill health, I deeply regret my being disabled from a personal cultivation of your good will, and the unspeakable enjoyment I should sometimes derive from your

privat

private conversation as well as from the public exertion of your talents; but sequestered as I am from the world of entertainment, the consciousness of standing well in your opinion will ever afford singular satisfaction to,

Dear Sir,
Your very humble Servant,
T. SMOLLETT.'

With these ample concessions, Mr Garrick was completely satisfied; so that, in 1757, when Dr Smollett's Comedy of the Reprisals, an afterpiece of two acts, was performed at Drury-lane theatre, the latter acknowledged himself highly obliged for the friendly care of Mr Garrick exerted in preparing it for the stage; and still more for his acting the part of Lusignan, in Zara, for his benefit, on the sixth instead of the ninth night, to which he was only intitled by the custom of the theatre.

Roderic Random, which still continues to have an extensive sale, first established the Doctor's reputation. All the first volume, and the beginning of the second, appear to consist of real incident and character, tho' certainly a good deal heightened and disguised. The Judge, his grandfather, Crab and Potion, the two apothecaries, and 'Squire Gawkey, were characters well known in that part of the kingdom where the scene was laid. Captain Oakhum and Whiffle, Doctors Mackshane and Morgan, were also said to be real personages; and a bookbinder and barber long eagerly contended for being shadowed under the name of Strap. The Doctor seems to have enjoyed a peculiar felicity in describing sea characters, particularly the officers and sailors of the navy. His Trunnion, Hatchway, and Pipes, are highly finished originals; but what exceeds them all, and perhaps any character that has yet been painted by the happiest genius of ancient or modern times, is his Lieutenant Bowling. This is indeed nature itself; original, *unique*, and *sui generis*. As well as the ladder of promotion, his very name has long become proverbial for an honest blunt seaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world.

By the publication of this work, the Doctor had acquired so great a reputation, that henceforth a certain degree of success was insured to every thing known or suspected to proceed from his hand. In 1751, The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle appeared; a work of great ingenuity and contrivance in the composition, and in which an uncommon degree of erudition is displayed, particularly in the description of the entertainment given by the Republican Doctor, after the manner of the ancients. Under this personage the late Dr Akenside, author of The Pleasures of the Imagination, is supposed to be typified; and it would be difficult to determine whether profound learning or genuine humour predominates most in this episode. Butler and Smollett seem to be the only two who have happily united things seemingly so discordant; for Hudibras is one of the most learned works in any language; and it requires no common share of reading, assisted with a good memory, thoroughly to relish and understand it. Another episode, of The Adventures of a Lady of Quality, likewise inserted in this work, contributed greatly to its success, and is indeed admirably well executed. Yet, after giving all due praise to the merit and invention displayed in Peregrine Pickle, we cannot help thinking it is inferior, in what may be called *naïveté*, a thing better conceived than expressed, to Roderick Random.

These were not the only original compositions of this stamp with which the Doctor has favoured the public. Ferdinand Count Fathom published in 1754, and Sir Launcelot Greaves in 1762, are still in the list of what may

may be called reading novels; but there is no injustice in placing them in a rank far below the former. No doubt, invention, character, composition, and contrivance, are to be found in both: but then situations are described which are hardly possible; and characters are painted, which, if not altogether unexampled, are at least incompatible with modern manners; and which ought not to be, as the scenes are laid in modern times.

The last work which the Doctor published was of much the same species, but cast in a different form:—The Expedition of Humphry Clinker, printed in 1771. It consists of a series of letters, written by different persons to their respective correspondents. He has here carefully avoided the faults which may be justly charged to his two former productions. Here are no extravagant characters, nor unnatural situations. On the contrary, an admirable knowledge of life and manners is displayed; and most useful lessons are given applicable to interesting, but to very common situations.

We know not that ever the remark has been made, but there is certainly a very obvious similitude between the characters of the three heroes of the Doctor's chief productions. Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Matthew Bramble, are all brothers of the same family. The same satirical, cynical disposition, the same generosity and benevolence, are the distinguishing and characteristical features of all three; but they are far from being servile copies or imitations of each other. They differ as much as the Ajax, Diomed, and Achilles of Homer. This was undoubtedly a great effort of genius; and the Doctor seems to have described his own character at the different stages and situations of his life.

Before he took a house at Chelsea, he attempted, in 1752, to settle as practitioner of physic at Bath; and, with that view, wrote a treatise on the waters: but he was unsuccessful. Perhaps he was too soon discouraged; for, in all probability, had he persevered, a man of his great learning, profound sagacity, and intense application, besides being endued with many external as well as other internal accomplishments, must have at last succeeded, and, had he attained to common old age, been at the head of his profession.

Abandoning physic altogether as a profession, he fixed his residence at Chelsea, and turned his thoughts entirely to writing. Yet, as an author, he was not near so successful as his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deserved. He never acquired a patron among the great, who, by his favour or beneficence, relieved him from the necessity of writing for a subsistence. The truth is, Dr Smollett possessed a loftiness of sentiment and character which appears to have disqualified him from currying favour among those who were able to confer favours. It would be wrong to call this disposition of his pride or haughtiness; for to his equals and inferiors he was ever polite, friendly, and generous. Booksellers may therefore be said to have been his only patrons; and from them he had constant employment in translating, compiling, and reviewing. He translated Gil Blas and Don Quixote; and both so successfully, that all the former translations of these excellent productions of genius have been almost superseded by his. His name likewise appears to a translation of Voltaire's prose works, but little of it was done by his own hand; he only revised it, and added a few notes. He was concerned in great variety of compilations. His History of England, first printed in 4to, in 1757, was the principal work of that kind. It had a most extensive

sale,

sale, and the Doctor is said to have received 2000l. for writing it and the Continuation. He was employed, during the last years of his life, in preparing a new edition of the Ancient and Modern Universal History; great part of which he had originally written himself, particularly the Histories of France, Italy, and Germany. He lived nearly to complete this work, which has since been published.

In 1755, he set on foot the Critical Review, and continued the principal manager of it till he went abroad for the first time in the year 1763. He was, perhaps, too acrimonious sometimes in the conduct of that work; and at the same time displayed too much sensibility when any of the unfortunate authors whose works he had, it may be, justly censured, attempted to retaliate.

Among other controversies in which his engagements in this publication involved him, the most material in its consequences was that occasioned by his remarks on a pamphlet published by Admiral Knowles. That gentleman, in defence of his conduct on the expedition to Rochfort, published a vindication of himself; which falling under the Doctor's examination, produced some very severe strictures both on the performance and on the character of the writer. The Admiral immediately commenced a prosecution against the printer; declaring, at the same time, that he desired only to be informed who the writer was, that, if he proved to be a gentleman, he might obtain the satisfaction of one from him. In this affair the Doctor behaved both with prudence and with spirit. Desirous of compromising the dispute with the Admiral in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr Wilkes to interpose his good offices with his opponent. The Admiral, however, was inflexible; and just as sentence was going to be pronounced against the printer, the Doctor came into Court, avowed himself the author of the Strictures, and declared himself ready to give Mr Knowles any satisfaction he chose. The Admiral immediately commenced a fresh action against the Doctor, who was found guilty, fined 100 l. and condemned to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench. It is there he is said to have written The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, in which he has described some remarkable characters, then his fellow-prisoners.

From the commencement of the Review, Dr Smollett was always considered as the author of it: by this means he became frequently censured on account of articles in which he had no concern. On the publication of the Rosciad, the author, Mr Churchill, considering himself and some of his friends as very injuriously treated in the Review of that work, and imagining Dr Smollett the author of the offensive article, retorted with great spirit in his excellent poem intitled An Apology to the Critical Reviewers. It appears, however, that he was mistaken in his suspicion; for Dr Smollet hearing that Mr Colman had also accused him of having made an attack on his moral character in the Review, exculpated himself from the charge in a letter to Mr Garrick.

Besides these, many other disputes arose with different writers who considered themselves injured by the severity of the Doctor's criticisms: indeed it may be affirmed, that seldom a month passed without a complaint on that head, and those not often couched in the most decent terms. But whatever reason he had to complain on that account, he soon after found that the revenge of an author was nothing compared to the rancour of the politician. In 1762,

Lord Bute assumed the reigns of government. His promotion was attended with many unpopular measures; great dissatisfaction arose amongst many orders of men; and his Lordship found it necessary to employ some able writers to defend the steps which had led to his advancement. Amongst others Dr Smollett was pitched upon; and he entered on his task with great spirit. He immediately began a weekly paper called The Briton. The first number made its appearance on the 29th of May 176[illegible], and was immediately opposed by the North Briton; which in the end entirely routed its antagonist, and dissolved the friendship which had long subsisted between him and Mr Wilkes. The Briton continued to be published till the 12th of February 1763, when it was laid down; and very soon after the person, in whose defence it was set on foot, finding the stream of popular discontent too strong to be resisted, relinquished the post which had excited so much clamour; and on his resignation, it is said, entirely neglected all the persons whom he had employed to write for him. Besides the Briton, Dr Smollett is supposed to have written other pieces in support of the cause he espoused. The Adventures of an Atom, in two volumes, are known to be his production.

His constitution being at last greatly impaired by a sedentary life, and assiduous application to study, he went abroad for his health in June 1763, and continued in France and Italy two years. He wrote an account of his travels in a series of letters to some friends, which were afterwards published in two volumes octavo, 1766. During all that time he appears to have laboured under a constant fit of chagrin.—A very slight perusal of these letters will sufficiently evince that this observation is founded in fact, and is indeed a melancholy instance of the influence of bodily distemper over the best dispotion.

But the state of his mind will be best learned from himself. Thus he writes in his first letter: 'In gratifying your curiosity, I shall find some amusement to beguile the tedious hours; which, without some such employment, would be rendered insupportable by distemper and disquiet. You knew and pitied my situation, traduced by malice, persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity, which it was not in the power of fortune to repair.' By this domestic calamity he means the loss of his only child, a daughter, whom he loved with the tenderest affection. He certainly met with many mortifications and disappointments; which, in a letter to Mr Garrick, he thus feelingly expresses: 'I am old enough to have seen and observed, that we are all play-things of fortune; and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up of a halfpenny, whether a man rises to affluence and honours, or continues to his dying day struggling with the difficulties and disgraces of life.'—After his return to his native country, finding his health continuing to decline, and meeting with fresh mortifications and disappointments, he went back to Italy, where he died, October the 21st 1771; and, since his death, a monument has been erected to his memory near Leghorn, on which is inscribed an Epitaph, written in Latin by his friend Dr Armstrong, author of The Art of Preserving Health, and many other excellent pieces. Of this epitaph the following is a translation:

Here

Here
Rest the remains
of
TOBIAS SMOLLETT,
A North Briton;
Who, sprung
From an ancient and respectable family,
Shone forth an example
Of the virtues of ancient times.
Of an ingenuous countenance
And manly make.
With a breast animated by the justest spirit,
He was eminently distinguished
For great benevolence of temper,
And a generosity even above his fortune.
His wit had every character
Of fertile inventiveness,
Of true pleasantry,
Of flexibility to every subject,
From his aptness and wonderful capacity
For every kind of learning.
The exercise of these talents
Produced a variety of pleasing fictions;
In which,
With great exuberance of fancy
and true humour,
He laughed at and described
The lives and manners of men;
While
(Shameful to relate!)
This genius,
This honour to his country,
Met with nothing
In these abandoned, worthless, insipid times,
But what was unfavourable to him,
Except indeed
Their abundance of supply to his pen
Of matter of satire:
Times
In which
Hardly any literary merit,
But such as was in the most false or futile taste,
Received encouragement
From the paltry mock Mecænases of Britain!
In honour to the memory
Of this most worthy and amiable
Member of society,
Sincerely regretted by many friends,
This monument
Was by his much beloved and affectionate wife
Dutifully and deservedly
Consecrated.

An inſcription, written in Latin, was likewiſe inſcribed on a pillar erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven, by one of his relations; of which the following is a tranſlation.

Stay, traveller!
If elegance of taſte and wit,
If fertility of genius,
And an unrivalled talent
In delineating the characters of mankind,
Have ever attracted thy admiration,
Pauſe a-while
On the memory of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.
One more than commonly endued with thoſe virtues
Which in a man and a citizen
You would praiſe, or imitate.
Who,
Having ſecured the applauſe
Of poſterity,
By a variety of literary abilities,
And a peculiar felicity of compoſition,
Was,
By a rapid and cruel diſtemper,
Snatched from this world in the 51ſt year of his age.
Far, alas! from his country,
He lies interred near Leghorn, in Italy.
In teſtimony of his many and great virtues
This empty monument,
The only pledge, alas! of his affection,
Is erected
On the banks of the Leven,
The ſcene of his birth and of his lateſt poetry,
By JAMES SMOLLETT, of Bonhill,
His couſin;
Who ſhould rather have expected this laſt tribute from him.
Go, and remember
This honour was not given alone to the memory of the deceaſed,
But for the encouragement of others;
Deſerve like him, and be alike rewarded.

To theſe memoirs we are extremely ſorry to add, that ſo late as the laſt year, the widow of Dr Smollett was reſiding in indigent circumſtances at Leghorn. On this account the tragedy of Venice Preſerved was acted for her benefit at Edinburgh on the 5th of March, and an excellent prologue ſpoken on that occaſion.

The pieces inſerted in the poſthumous Collection of Dr Smollet's 'Plays and Poems,' are, The Regicide, a Tragedy; The Repriſal, a Comedy; Advice and Reproof, two Satires; The Tears of Scotland; Verſes on a Young Lady; a Love Elegy, in imitation of Tibullus; two Songs; a Burleſque Ode; Odes to Mirth, to Sleep, to Leven Water, to Blue-ey'd Ann, and to Independence.

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On

On EPIGRAMMATIC COMPOSITION.

SCALIGER obferves, that an epigram in its original ftate was nothing more than an *infcription*, which the Greek word Επιγραμμα fufficiently proves. When the memory of an hero was immortalifed by a ftatue or trophy, it was ufual to prefix a fhort poem as an illuftration of the honour: hence a fudden turn and quicknefs of thought neceffarily arofe from the narrownefs of its extent, which was not improperly named the fting: though the generality of Greek epigrams are not fo remarkable for the acutenefs of their clofe, as a continued train of fublime thought.

This fpecies of compofition has long laboured under the contempt of modern critics; and Addifon in his Allegory on True and Falfe Wit, reprefents it ftationed in the rear of the former, to prevent a defertion to the latter, as it was ftrongly fufpected of diffaffection. To diffent from an opinion eftablifhed by fuch formidable authorities would almoft feem prefumption; yet though an epigram does not claim the moft eminent part of Parnaffus, it is difficult to fay why it fhould be degraded to the loweft, unlefs the fondnefs which juvenile poet writers betray for this line of poetry may have drawn it into difgrace: yet a genius, when matured by age and experience, fhould not look back on its firft effays as trifling, without reflecting how few excel in thefe trifles. The nicety attending its accomplifhment evinces its ingenuity. Some fpecies of falfe wit may be attained by intenfe application *; fuch as that of including a poem within the exact fymmetry of any particular form—

Where thou may'ft wings difplay and altars raife,
And torture one poor word a thoufand ways. DRYDEN.

But an epigram muft flow with all the lightnefs of poetic fancy—a laboured thought of ftyle deftroys its fire, and the vivacity of an author is in nothing more confpicuous than in this lively production of unfettered genius. As it is not well adapted to the defcriptive or pathetic, fatire or panegyric feem beft fuited to its airy meafures, which the writer may vary as his fancy prompts him; tho' there are numerous examples of good epigrams on more ferious fubjects. With refpect to its extent, the ftricteft attention fhould be paid to brevity, as far as is allowable without obfcurity; for as it ought to have only one thought in view, it fhould not be ftretched, at fartheft, beyond the length of eight or ten lines.—On reading an epigram, the mind is led from the nature of the compofition to expect concifenefs, which if prolixity fuperfedes, it is too much fatigued by expectation to relifh the fharpnefs of the clofe, which fhould be polifhed to the fineft point of wit, and not inferted in a feparate claufe, but drawn out imperceptibly from the preceding lines.

In an interefting novel, when the contents of a chapter are prefixed at the beginning, the pleafing gratification of curiofity is deftroyed; fo if an introduction is required more copious than the epigram, anticipation robs us of its greateft beauty, viz.—an unexpected turn of wit; and it feems a paultry refource to tell the reader what a perufal would not difcover. The following, though an epi-

* This kind of poetry was much purfued by the minor Greek poets.

epigram according to the ſtricteſt rules, lies under this predicament.

On a ſpacious BRIDGE built by the D—ke of M—lb—gh over a contemptible Stream at B—nh—m.

The lofty arch his high ambition ſhows,
The ſtream an emblem of his bounty flows.

Though it may be juſtly alledged in excuſe for this example, that being originally written on the bridge, it did not require the explanation, and loſt its beauty only by being tranſlated into a book.

Puns have long been reprobated as mere *nugæ canoræ;* and it muſt be confeſſed that they do not heighten their dignity much by the ornamental dreſs of poetry: but ſuch is the fluctuation of taſte in literature, that Quintilian greatly commends a punning epigram of Cicero, (*Fundum Varro vocat, quod poſſum mittere funda, &c.*) which according to modern judgment would diſgrace a much inferior genius.——Addiſon recommends the tranſlation of a piece of wit into a different language, which like an aſſaying oven would prove its purity or baſeneſs. This is an infallible method to detect a pun; and ancient as well as modern epigrams muſt ſometimes feel its effects. Much cannot be advanced in the juſtification of a pun, though it does not wholly deſerve the moſt abject contempt.—When a pun is introduced, the object of its aim is delight, and not defiance to the ſevere rules of criticiſm; and its deſign, if well conducted, is confeſſedly crowned with ſucceſs.

The brevity, ſtyle, and lightneſs of an epigram, recommend it to judgment as a proper field for the firſt exerciſe of genius; and not feeling, or not acquainted with, the ſevere beauties of criticiſm, a pun, by almoſt the ſame qualifications, appears to them in full brilliancy of wit, and is often immoderately indulged. But though the epigram which bears Mr Addiſon's teſt of truth is conſiderably more deſerving of praiſe, yet a pun ought not to be totally conſigned over to contempt, ſince it requires ſome ingenuity to introduce it with eaſe, and without ſtretching its alluſions too remotely; for as it requires delicate treatment, no ſpecies of falſe wit is more abject than a far-fetched pun; like a dangerous medicine, which with ſkilful management may be uſed as a ſafe and infallible remedy, but if its qualities are miſtaken, is attended with the moſt pernicious conſequences.

Oxford, Feb. 14. K——.

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Some Account of PETER *the* WILD BOY, *who died at Berkhamſtead in Hertfordſhire about the end February laſt. From the Third Volume of* Ancient Metaphyſics.

BEFORE Lord Monboddo relates what he himſelf ſaw and heard of Peter the Wild Boy, he gives all the particulars of him that could be collected from the Newſpapers of 1725, when the young ſavage was caught, and from thoſe of 1726, when he was firſt brought to England.

From theſe it appears, that he was found in the woods of Hamelin, 28 miles from Hanover, walking upon his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a ſquirrel, and feeding upon graſs and moſs of trees. Being preſented to the King while at dinner, his Majeſty made him taſte of all the diſhes that were ſerved up at table; and, in order to bring him by degrees to human diet, commanded that he ſhould have ſuch proviſions as he might like beſt. He was at that

time

time judged to be about 12 or 13 years old. Afterwards he made his escape into the same wood; but was again caught on a tree, which was obliged to be first sawed down. He was brought to England in April 1726, and again introduced into the presence of his Majesty and of many of the nobility. He could not speak, and scarce seemed to have any idea of things. However, it was observed, that he took most notice of his Majesty, and of the Princess giving him her glove, which he tried to put on his own hand, and seemed much pleased, and also with a gold watch which was held to strike at his ear. At one time he was dressed in blue clothes; at another time, in green, lined with red, with scarlet stockings. At first he appeared uneasy to be obliged to wear any; and he could not be brought to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room: whence it is conjectured, that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. However, he walked upright, and even sat for his picture. He was committed to the care of Dr Arbuthnot, at whose house, near Burlington gardens, he either was, or was to have been, baptised; but notwithstanding all the pains he took, it does not appear that the Doctor was able to bring this wild youth to the use of speech, or to the pronunciation of any words.

In a very witty and ludicrous piece in Dean Swift's works, intitled, 'It cannot rain, but it pours,' he gives an account of 'the wonderful wild man,' as he calls him, full of satire and ridicule, but containing several things concerning him that are certainly true; and therefore Lord Monboddo concludes, that the other facts he mentions, though no where else to be found, are likewise true, whatever we may think of the use and application he makes of them; such as, that in the circle at court he endeavoured to kiss the young Lady Walpole; that he put on his hat before the King, and laid hold of the Lord Chamberlain's staff; that he expressed his sensations by certain sounds which he had framed to himself; and particularly, that he neighed something like a horse, in which way he commonly expressed his joy; that he understood the language of birds and beasts, by which they express their appetites and feelings; that his senses were more acute than those of the tame man; and, lastly, that he could sing some tunes.—'These facts,' says Lord Monboddo, 'the Dean must have known; for he was at London at the time; his own arrival there, under the name of 'The Copper Farthing Dean from Ireland,' being announced to the public among the other wonders contained in this work.'—And of the Dean's integrity, in not stating any facts that were untrue, even in a work of humour, his Lordship has no doubt. The Dean had farther said, 'that it was evident by several tokens that this wild boy had a father and mother like one of us.'—'This,' says Lord Monboddo, 'I believe also to be true; because I was told by a person yet living, that when he was catched he had a collar about his neck, with something written upon it.'

'This is all,' continues his Lordship, 'that I have been able to discover, printed in Britain, concerning this extraordinary phenomenon; more extraordinary, I think, than the new planet, or than if we were to discover 30,000 more fixed stars besides those lately discovered. I have endeavoured to get an account of him from Hanover, where I think some memory, or tradition, at least, of him must be preserved, though there should be nothing recorded of him; but hitherto I have not been successful. It only remains, therefore, that I should inform the reader of what I saw myself, and could learn from others

thers concerning him, having gone to that part of the country where he resides at present, on purpose to inquire about him, and conversed with several persons there, who had known him for many years.

'It was in the beginning of June 1782 that I saw him, in a farm-house called Broadway, within about a mile of Berkhamstead, kept there upon a pension *, which the King pays. He is but of low stature, not exceeding five feet three inches; and though he must be now about 70 years of age, has a fresh healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable; and he has a look that may be called sensible and sagacious for a savage. About 20 years ago he was in use to elope, and to be missing for several days; and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk: but of late he has been quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He has been the 13 last years, where he lives at present; and before that, he was 12 years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told me that he had been put to school somewhere in Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name, Peter, and the name of King George; both which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he now is (for the man happened not to be at home), told me that he understood every thing that was said to him concerning the common affairs of life; and I saw that he readily understood several things that she said to him while I was present. Among other things, she desired him to sing Nancy Dawson, which accordingly he did, and another tune that she named. He never was mischievous, but had always that gentleness of nature, which I hold to be characteristical of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the farmer and his wife do; but, as I was told by an old woman, (one Mrs Callop, living at a village in the neighbourhood, called Hempsteed, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, which she computed to be 55 years before the time I saw her), that he then fed very much upon leaves, and particularly upon the leaves of cabbage, which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about 15 years of age; walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present, he not only eats flesh, but also has got the taste of beer, and even of spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get. And the old farmer above mentioned, with whom he lived 12 years before he came to this farmer, told me that he had acquired that taste before he came to him, that is, about 25 years ago. He is also become very fond of fire, but has not yet acquired a liking for money; for though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which I suppose is a lesson that they have taught him. He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and showing great disorder before it comes on.'

These are the particulars which Lord Monboddo himself observed concerning him. He afterwards requested Mr Burgess, an ingenious young gentleman of Oxford, to make farther inquiries on the spot; and his relation is as follows:

'Peter the Wild Boy lives at a farmer Brill's, at a place, or rather a farm, called Broadway, about a mile from Berkhamstead, where he has lived about 13 years. The farmer said he was 84 years old. He has a fair clear countenance, and a quick eye. He is about five feet six inches

* Thirty pounds.

inches high; and is ſtill very robuſt and muſcular. In his youth he was very remarkable for his ſtrength. He is ſaid to have ſometimes run 70 or 80 miles a day. His ſtrength always appeared ſo much ſuperior, that the ſtrongeſt young men were afraid to contend with him: and this ſtrength continued almoſt unimpaired till about a year and a half ago, when he was ſuddenly taken ill, fell down before the fire, and for a time loſt the uſe of his right ſide; ſince which, it has been viſibly leſs than before. The farmer told me that his portrait has been lately ſeveral times taken.

'I could get no intelligence of the old woman whom you mentioned; but I met with an old gentleman, a ſurgeon, at Hempſteed, who remembers to have ſeen Peter in London, between the years 1724 and 1726. He told me, that when he firſt came to England, he was particularly fond of raw fleſh and bones, (he is at this day very fond of a bone, with which he will amuſe himſelf for a long time after it has been picked by any other perſon); and that he was always dreſſed in fine clothes, (the dreſs he remembers him in was green and gold), of which Peter ſeemed not a little proud. He ſtill retains his paſſion for finery, fine curtains, clean breeches, ſmart hat, &c.; and if any perſon has any thing ſmooth or ſhining in his dreſs, it will ſoon attract his notice, and Peter will ſhow his attention by ſtroaking it. He is not a great eater. At dinner, he is commonly content with a bit of pudding or meat. He is fond of water; after he has drunk his breakfaſt of tea, or even of milk, he will often go out to the pump, and drink ſeveral draughts of water. He is not fond of beer; and, till lately, he would not drink it: but he is very fond of all kinds of ſpirits, particularly gin; as alſo of onions, which he will eat like apples. He does not often go out without his maſter; but he will ſometimes go to Berkhamſtead, and call at the gin-ſhop. They always know his errand, and will treat him. It is one of the moſt powerful means to perſuade him to do any thing with alacrity, to ſing with ſpirit, &c. Hold up a glaſs of gin at the time you tell him to ſing better and louder, and he will undoubtedly ſmile and raiſe his voice. He cannot bear the taſte of phyſic, nor the ſight of an apothecary who once attended him. He will not take phyſic, but under ſome great diſguiſe, ſuch as gin.

'If he hears any muſic, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild frantic manner. He has a very quick ſenſe of muſic, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he has heard a tune which is difficult, he continues humming it for a long time, and he is very uneaſy till he is maſter of it. He can ſing a great many tunes; and will always change the tune when the name only of another tune with which he is acquainted is mentioned to him. He does not always hit upon the tune at once which is aſked, but he corrects himſelf eaſily with the leaſt aſſiſtance.

'He underſtands every thing that is ſaid to him by his maſter and miſtreſs; and ſhows by his countenance that he knows when you are talking of him; but, in general, he takes very little notice of any thing which does not attract his notice by its finery, ſmoothneſs, &c. While I was with him, the farmer aſked ſeveral queſtions, which he anſwered rapidly, and not very diſtinctly, but ſufficiently ſo as to be underſtood even by a ſtranger to his manner. Some of the queſtions were, Who is your father?—King George. What is your name?—Pe-ter; (he always pronounces the two ſyllables of his name with a ſhort interval between them.) What is that?—Bow-wow, (for the dog.) What horſe will you

ride upon?—Cuckow; (This is not the name of any of their horſes, but it is a name with which he always anſwers that queſtion; perhaps it was the name of one of his former maſter's horſes.) What will you do with this? (tea, gin, &c.)—He will put his hand to his mouth. If you point to his beard, noſe, or mouth, and aſk what is that, he will tell you plainly. His anſwers, I think, never exceed two words; and he never ſays any thing of his own accord. I forgot to mention, that he has been taught alſo to ſay, when he is aſked, What are you?—Wild man. Where was you found?—Hanover. Who found you?—King George. If he is told to tell twenty, he will count the number exactly on his fingers, with an indiſtinct ſound at each number; but after another perſon, he will ſay, one, two, three, &c. pretty diſtinctly.

'Till laſt ſpring (1782), which was ſoon after his illneſs, he always ſhowed himſelf remarkably animated by the influence of the ſpring, and would ſing all day long, and, if it was clear, half the night. He is very much pleaſed with the appearance of the moon and the ſtars. He will ſometimes ſtand out in the warmth of the ſun, with his face thrown up to it, in a very difficult and ſtrained attitude; and likes to be out in a ſtarry night if it be not cold. Upon hearing this, a perſon would naturally inquire, whether he has, or appears to have, any idea of the great Author of all theſe wonders? Indeed I thought it a queſtion of ſo much curioſity, that when I had left Broadway for ſeveral miles, I rode back to inquire whether he had at any time betrayed the leaſt ſenſe of a Supreme Being. They told me that, when he came into that part of the country firſt of all, he was ſent to ſchool for ſome time, and different methods were employed to teach him to read, and with it the principles of religion; but all in vain: he learnt nothing; nor did he ever ſhow any conſciouſneſs of a God from his own feelings.

'He is very fond of fire; and is often bringing in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fireplace would contain it, if he was not prevented by his maſter. He will ſit in the chimney corner, even in the midſt of ſummer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, which is ſufficient to make another perſon faint who ſits there long. He will often amuſe himſelf by ſetting five or ſix chairs before the fire, and placing himſelf in every one of them in their turns, as his love of variety prompts him to change his place.

'He is extremely good tempered, except in cold and gloomy weather; for he is very ſenſible of the change of the atmoſphere. He is not eaſily provoked; but when he has been made very angry by any one, he would run after them, making a ſtrange noiſe, with his teeth fixed into the back of his hand. I could not find that he had ever done any violence in the houſe, except that when he firſt came over, he would ſometimes tear his bed-clothes to pieces, which it was long before he was reconciled to. He has never (at leaſt ſince his preſent maſter has known him) ſhown any attention to women; and I am told he never did, except when he was purpoſely and jocoſely forced into an amour.

'He has run away ſeveral times ſince he has been at Broadway, but not ſince he has been with his preſent maſter. He was taken up for a ſpy in Scotland in 1745, or 1746: as he was unable to ſpeak, they ſuppoſed him obſtinate, and he was going to be confined, and was threatened with puniſhment for contumacy; but a lady, who had ſeen him in England, told them who it was, and directed them where to ſend him. Some ſay he was found at Norfolk.

When

When he ran away from his masters, he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young tender roots of trees. The old people at the Two Waters told me a circumstance, which, as they could not, I think, have collected from his information, may have only the authority of conjectural tradition, that when he ran away, he always followed the course of the clouds.

'Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out with him and his men into the field, and seems pleased in being employed in any thing which can assist them. But he must always have some person to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was employed one day with his master in filling a dung-cart. His master had occasion to go into the house for something, and left Peter to finish the work. The work was soon done. But Peter must have something to employ himself; and he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the dung out as he was in putting it into the cart. When his master came out, he found the cart nearly emptied again; and learned a lesson by it, which he never afterwards neglected.'

'From this account of him,' says Lord Monboddo, 'it is evident that he is not an idiot, as some people are willing to believe him to be, but such a man as one should expect a mere savage to be, that is, a man that has not the use of speech, and is entirely uninstructed in all our arts and sciences. What alone can induce any one to believe him an idiot, is that he has not learned in so long a time to speak, though he was sent to school; and, as it is said, much pains taken upon him. But, in the first place, it is to be considered that he was about 15, as the newspapers say, when he was catched and brought to England, and much older, if we believe the account of his age given by the farmer with whom he lives. Now, though articulation be learned by infants, whose organs are tender, soft, and pliable, by imitation only, or at least without much trouble in teaching them; yet when they grow up, and their organs become hard and less flexible, they cannot learn by imitation merely, nor by teaching without much difficulty, if at all, as is evident from the case of those who have been brought up in civilized nations, and accustomed to speak from their infancy, and yet cannot pronounce certain articulate sounds, because they have not learned to do it when they were infants. Thus, a Frenchman cannot pronounce the Greek Θ, or the English *th*, nor an Englishman the aspirated *kappa* of the Greeks, that is the X.—Besides, the schooling that Peter got, was not such as, I think, could have taught him to speak when he was so far advanced in life, if he had had the best natural parts, and a greater disposition to learn, than can be expected in any savage, who, not perceiving the immediate utility of speech, either for sustenance or self-defence, will not be disposed to take so much trouble as is necessary to learn an art so difficult to be learned, especially at an advanced time of life. And, therefore, I rather wonder, that, at a common country school, such as Peter was put to, he has learned so many words, many more than I thought he had known, till I got this information from Mr Burgess: and it appears that he has learned also the use of numbers to a certain degree; and his progress in music would appear to me very wonderful, if I did not know that music was much more natural to man than articulation. But, even with respect to it, I can have no doubt, but that, if he had been taught by such a master as Mr Braidwood, he would long before

before now have ſpoken very perfectly. But, even from Mr Braidwood, he could not have learned. by imitation merely, nor even by precept; for Mr Braidwood muſt not only have ſhown him, by his own example, the poſition and configuration of the organs neceſſary for pronouncing ſuch and ſuch ſounds, but he muſt have laid hands upon him, as he does upon his deaf ſcholars, and put his organs in the proper poſition, at leaſt as many of them as he could reach in that way *.'

Upon the HAPPINESS *of* FOOLS.

Wit in a man is a troubleſome gueſt. CHARRON.

TO be happy, a man muſt be a fool. There is not a truth in morality more ancient.

We read in *Geneſis*, that when Adam and Eve had ate of the fruit of the *tree of knowledge of good and evil*, their eyes were opened, and they knew that they were naked. Which ſignifies, that they were all at once informed of the weakneſs and miſery of man; but before they were driven out of Eden, God made for them garments of ſkins, with which he clothed them.

This is an example of his compaſſion towards men ever to be remembered. This precious raiment, this garment of ſkin, which ought to cover our nakedneſs, what is it, but thoſe agreeable errors, a happy confidence, an intrepid opinion of ourſelves? Fortunate gifts, to which our corruption has given the name of folly, and which our ingratitude ſeeks to forget; but which are, without doubt, the only ſecurity of our happineſs upon earth.

Ever ſince the firſt eſtabliſhment of ſociety, men have been in the conſtant habit of comparing themſelves with each other. Hence have ariſen their pleaſures, and hence proceed their pains.

This compariſon varies in its objects, and differs in its extent. One claſs tranſport themſelves to the extremity of the earth, and even to the moſt diſtant ages, in order to compare themſelves with all the great men who now exiſt, or who ever have exiſted; a ſecond claſs adjuſt themſelves by the ſtandard of their particular circles; while a third content themſelves with poſſeſſing more ſenſe than their wives and children: the enjoyment, however, of them all is regulated by the ſame ſentiment.

Who in this general ſtruggle of mankind is the champion moſt certain of victory? The man who continues armed with the garment of ſkin: it is the fool, it is my hero. What matters it to him whether he ſtands high or low in the opinions of others? he carries along with him his own pedeſtal; his own opinion is for him ſufficient; it is for him an enchanted bed of down, upon which he voluptuouſly ſtretches himſelf, and ſleeps with the calmeſt delight. What co-

* In an edition of Swift's works, in 1751, printed in London by C. Bathurſt, I find that the account of Peter is ſaid to be the work of Dr Arbuthnot, which ſhould give it an additional credit, as he had the keeping of him; and as there is not the leaſt inſinuation there that he was an idiot, I am convinced that no man, at that time, believed ſo; nor do I think it poſſible that any man who ſees him at preſent can be of that opinion. The fact which Mr Burgeſs obſerves of his firſt filling a dung-cart, and then emptying it, only ſhows that he knew nothing of farming; and, as that was the caſe, it was natural enough, that having ſeen a dung-cart emptied as well as filled, he ſhould do both.'

colours are ſtrong enough to paint his happineſs? How ſhall I deſcribe a Clito, a Chryſippus, an Olcindal, perpetually buſied in contemplating themſelves? The raptures they feel ſparkle in their eyes. One of them diſcovers his pleaſure heedleſsly and without diſguiſe; a ſecond unfolds it gradually, and wiſhes to count his treaſure ſlowly; while a third endeavours to hide it under a ſerious and compoſed air, in order to enhance, by the additional ſentiment of heroic moderation, the ſatisfaction he enjoys from his merit.

Completely filled with himſelf, what an amiable thing is a fool? He ſhines always with ſuch a charming variety! Indeed he cannot fail to be an original, ſince his ſole buſineſs is to contemplate a ſingle object, upon which other men have never ſpent a thought. The *fool* and the *man of genius* are the ornaments of human nature. Every thing betwixt them is deſtitute of expreſſion and of life; a dry and barren plain betwixt two romantic mountains.

But if the fool and the man of genius make a figure equally conſpicuous in the world, their happineſs is very different. The man of genius, the man of penetration, by ſeizing all the relations of things, reunites a thouſand different objects under certain general principles.

The great picture of the world is as it were retired from him, and applauſe diminiſhed; its colours begin to mingle and blend; and before half the courſe of his life is over, he in all things perceives ſome reſemblance; and it is no longer in the power of any thing to excite his curioſity.

Not ſo the fool, to whom the relations of things are unknown. At the end of a life of 200 years, and without leaving his native city, he would ſtill find enough at which to wonder. As he never claſſes his ideas, as he never generalizes them, every thing in the univerſe preſents itſelf to his eyes unconnected, every thing has its charms, every thing is a phenomenon; his life is only a continued infancy; for him nature ſtill wears the ſame bloom, and for him is adorned with the ſame freſhneſs.

In the eyes of a man of obſervation, the future ſoon appears only a probable reproduction of the paſt, which he, therefore, regards without pleaſure. For the fool, it is a new creation, which the charm of hope continues every day to embelliſh.

The man who reflects, and whoſe thoughts embrace a thouſand different combinations, muſt, in the moment of choice, and when he is called to make a deciſion, be perplexed by an infinite number of different motives, and diſtracted by their multiplied contrarities, which all the activity of his mind is unable to reconcile; he is undecided, he is tormented.

The fool decides at once, he has ſcarce ever any thing to compare; his eye is like a friendly glaſs which tranſmits to him only one or two objects at a time.

Another misfortune of men of genius which fools never feel, is the difficulty they find in making themſelves underſtood; their reaſon is a kind of *ſixth ſenſe*, the effects of which they labour in vain to explain. Deceived by the human ſhape, they make incredible efforts to communicate their ideas to others; and did they not at length, by the help of experience, come to perceive that the generality of mankind were only the ſhadows of humanity, or *mannikins*, they would paſs their lives in the torments of the *Danaides*.

Fatigued with external circumſtances, if the man of genius turn his eye inward on himſelf, the conſideration of what he wants continually

nually disturbs him in the enjoyment of what he possesses; he is never contented.

The fool knows none of these pains. If he enter within himself, he meets there with an affectionate landlord, who honours and respects him, who is always courteous, always polite, always ready to entertain him.

For the man of enlightened understanding, perfection is a steep rock whose top is lost in the clouds. For fools, it is a perfect globe: each sees himself at the summit, and all mankind as if below him. Nothing can trouble his serenity; he knows neither envy nor jealousy: as he places all his glory in mere nothings, he finds room for it every where

At 30 years of age, if Damon becomes a magistrate, his hair is dressed out for the judgment-seat; he places himself on his tribunal; and if he reflects on the reverence which ought to attend the dignity of his gown, he clothes himself with a majestic gravity: but it is with difficulty that he supports it; a disordered curl in his neighbour's wig, the fall of a child, or a butterfly burning its wings at the candle, every thing awakens in him the idea of his superiority, and excites laughter: if he begin to speak, his gravity is again exposed to a new danger; for he cannot mention, however slightly, a possessive pronoun; he cannot pronounce the words *me* or *mine*, without being deliciously tickled with the idea of a property so charming; his composed features dilate in spite of him, and his countenance yields to the attraction of pleasure.

Look at two fools discoursing together: the one does not hear a word of what the other says, but both laugh without ceasing; whilst one speaks, the other is placed in a point of view which ravishes him, partly from what he has said, partly from what he is going to say. They promise, at parting, to meet again soon to open themselves to each other; and each of them believes that he has, by his sallies, produced all the joy of his friend.

The man of genius, on the other hand, scarce ever says a good thing, or expresses an ingenious thought, without a considerable degree of timidity; the delicacy of his taste renders him difficult to be pleased, he wishes to astonish even himself; he has besides observed the various windings of self-love; he thinks he has discovered that the generality of mankind never allow their companions the praise of genius, but when by their modesty they seem themselves to be ignorant of it, and leave to their admirers the honour of the discovery as a consolation for their own triumph.

The fool never subjects himself to the tyranny of discretion: he retails his ideas in the plenitude of confidence; and, if he ever advances so far as to hazard some common reflections, he publishes them with the sound of trumpet; he accompanies the whole with an air of wisdom; and shining all over with the lustre of his glory, he retires a little to contemplate himself, advances again to have the pleasure of hearing himself; and in this sweet occupation, plunged in a delirium of happiness, he glories in the homage which he receives from himself.

To finish our comparison: The man of genius, when in love, is always dissatisfied: the acuteness of his perception is an obstacle to his happiness. A single word which escapes his mistress, a look which surprizes him, a single tone which he interprets, a thousand shades of character imperceptible to every other; all are sufficient to perplex his hopes: and even while he enjoys the most tender love, his genius never leaves him a moment's repose; he tortures his heart by the most subtle distinctions; loved

he doubts that he is not beloved for himſelf alone; he is afraid of being loved becauſe he loves, and not by the charm of an invincible aſcendant; he analizes love, and its ſweets eſcape him.

The fool enjoys love without being loved again; he thinks he makes the ſame rapid impreſſion upon the ladies that he makes upon himſelf; his eye, happily conſtructed, collects in its focus all the diverging rays; and while he is all the time ſcarcely perceived, he thinks himſelf the object of univerſal admiration; he imagines he is loved becauſe he is amiable; he believes himſelf amiable becauſe he is a fool; and upon this immoveable baſis is his happineſs erected. Let us never, therefore, be in pain for him. A happy lover, the fool is an eaſy and quiet huſband: and as every thing wears for him a favourable aſpect, if he ever happen, as is very poſſible, to be made a cuckold, he ſupports this character with a felicity which even the fortunate lover may envy. If, at break of day, he ſees any one go out of his wife's apartment, he runs to it immediately, opens her caſket, counts her jewels, and laughs heartily at the robber's not being able to diſcover them.

What a ſpectacle of happineſs does this picture, faint as it is, preſent to our eyes! Can you, ye fathers and mothers, be inſenſible to it, and will you never change your ſyſtem of education? It is only to flatter your own vanity, and to add new luſtre to your grandeur, that you wiſh your children to be diſtinguiſhed by their genius and abilities, and that you labour to accompliſh this with ſo much ardour; you prepare the ſcaffolding upon which you yourſelves wiſh to aſcend: and in the impatience of your pride, the moſt charming period of their lives, their childhood, is diſagreeable to you: or, if your motives are different, into what an error then have you fallen? What! Becauſe you are happy only by the ſuffrages of others, do you eſteem yourſelves the benefactors of your children, when you inſpire them with the ſame ſentiment, and aſſiſt them in gratifying it? Cruel that you are! might they ſay to you; you had it in your power to bind our happineſs to our own opinion, and you have rendered it dependent upon that of others; you might have placed in reſervoirs of our own the water that was to quench our thirſt, and you have opened its ſource in the fields of others. Ceaſe then to merit this reproach from your children: inſtead of embelliſhing their perſon, dazzle their eyes, inſpire them, if poſſible, with an unſhaken confidence in themſelves; ſend them into the world thus armed; and if there they ſhould be covered with ridicule, never trouble yourſelves about the matter: it is their happineſs which is intruſted to you, not their glory.

In vain do you ſay, that it is your duty to make them advance towards perfection. The perfection of man is his happineſs; and if, by the gift of folly, every one found that happineſs in himſelf, thoſe numerous ſocial virtues to which we give at preſent the name of perfections, would become only uſeleſs ſacrifices. It is the acuteneſs of our feelings, it is the delicacy of our ſelf-love, which render this perfection ſo difficult; we are obliged to ſearch for it with eagerneſs in a union of qualities agreeable to others, in ſtudying their taſtes, and in an attention to pleaſe: but a perfection of this ſort is ſlavery; it depends upon opinion, an arrogant and capricious divinity. Ah! let us call back from its worſhip thoſe whom we love. Aſk of thoſe who have followed it, how many tears it has coſt them in private. My hero never ſhed one. At the altars of Opinion, the man of genius is at once the ſacrificer and the victim; the fool, at theſe ſame altars, is the worſhipper at the ſame time and the god.

Aſſiſt me then, ye men of genius, to multiply fools upon earth. I, indeed, can feel their happineſs, but you only have the power to propagate a new ſyſtem: and why ſhould you refuſe the taſk? Why theſe airs of diſdain? The diſtance which ſeparates you from them, and which to you appears infinite, eſcapes perhaps millions of beings ſuperior to you. Who knows but in the univerſe every one may be the fool of another fool? Who knows but you are fools to the inhabitants of the moon, or ſome aerial ſpirits? Do you doubt of this becauſe you do not hear them laughing at your expence? But your fools do not hear you; and it is the diſtinctive characteriſtic of folly never to perceive any thing, and to miſtake the limits of its own view for the boundaries of nature. Be more timorous, then, and more diſtruſtful; and far from deſpiſing the fools whom you meet, admire their happineſs, and acknowledge that they want nothing to aſpire to the title of men of genius, but to have been fools by their own choice.

L'Eſprit des Journaux.

LETTER *from Dr* JOHNSON *to a Member of the Society in Scotland for propagating Chriſtian Knowledge.*

SIR,

I DID not expect to hear, that it could be, in an aſſembly conveened for the propagation of Chriſtian knowledge, a queſtion, Whether any nation uninſtructed in religion ſhould receive inſtruction? or, Whether that inſtruction ſhould be imparted to them by a tranſlation of the holy books into their own language? If obedience to the will of God be neceſſary to happineſs, and knowledge of this will neceſſary to obedience, I know not how he that with-holds this knowledge, or delays it, can be ſaid to love his neighbour as himſelf. He that voluntarily continues ignorance, is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces, as to him that ſhould extinguiſh the tapers of a light-houſe might juſtly be imputed all the calamities of ſhipwrecks. Chriſtianity is the higheſt perfection of humanity; and as no man is good but as he wiſhes the good of others, no man can be good in the higheſt degree who wiſhes not to others the largeſt meaſures of the greateſt good. To omit for a year or a day the moſt efficacious method for advancing Chriſtianity in compliance with any purpoſes that terminate on this ſide the grave, is a crime of which I know not that the world has yet had an example, except in the practice of the planters of America; a race of mortals whom I ſuppoſe no other man wiſhes to reſemble.

The Papiſts indeed have denied to the laity the uſe of the Bible; but this prohibition is but in few places now very rigorouſly enforced, and is defended by arguments which have for their foundation the care of ſouls. To obſcure, upon motives merely political, the light of revelation, is a practice reſerved for the reformed; and ſurely the thickeſt midnight of Popery is a meridian ſunſhine to ſuch a reformation.

I am not very willing that any language ſhould be totally extinguiſhed. The ſimilitude and derivation of languages afford the moſt undubitable proof of the traduction of nations and genealogy of mankind. They add often phyſical certainty to hiſtorical evidences; and often ſupply the only evidence of ancient migration, and of the revolution of ages, which left no written monuments behind them. Every man's opinion, at leaſt his deſires, are a little influenced by theſe favourite ſtudies.

My

My zeal of language may ſeem, perhaps, rather overheated, even by thoſe by whom I deſire to be well eſteemed. To thoſe who have nothing in thought but trade, policy, preſent power, or money, I ſhall not think it neceſſary to defend my opinions; but with men of letters, I would not unwillingly compound, by wiſhing the continuance of every language, however narrow in its extent, or however incommodious for common purpoſes, till it is repoſited in ſome verſion of a known book, that it may always hereafter be examined and compared with other languages, and then permitting its diſuſe. For this purpoſe the tranſlation of the Bible is moſt to be deſired. It is not certain that the ſame method will not preſerve the Highland language for the purpoſes of learning, and aboliſh it from daily uſe. When the Highlanders read the Bible, they will naturally wiſh to have its obſcurities cleared, and to know the hiſtory collateral or appendant. Knowledge always deſires increaſe. It is like fire which muſt be kindled by ſome external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itſelf. When they once deſire to learn, they will naturally have recourſe to the readieſt language by which that deſire can be gratified; and one will tell another, that if he would attain to learning or knowledge, he muſt learn Engliſh. This ſpeculation may perhaps be thought more ſubtle than the groſſneſs of real life will admit.

Let it, however, be remembered, that the efficacy of ignorance has been long tried, and has not produced the conſequence expected. Let knowledge, therefore, take its turn; and let the patrons of privation ſtand a while aſide, and admit the operations of poſitive principles.

You'll be pleaſed, Sir, to aſſure the worthy man who is employed in the new tranſlation, that he has my wiſhes for his ſucceſs; and if here, or at Oxford, I can be of any uſe, that I ſhall think it more than honour to promote his undertaking.

I am,
SIR,
Your moſt humble ſervant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's Court, Fleet-ſtreet, 13th Aug. 1766.

In what does our LIBERTY *conſiſt?*

THE bleſſings of life are too numerous for a bad man. He is tired of perpetual licence to act as he pleaſes; he is tired of a ſucceſſion of advantages; he abuſes them as faſt as they are poured upon him. The beneficence of heaven, the mildneſs of government, the ſtrength of connections, wealth, rank, are all loſt upon him. His mind, ever reſtleſs after new gratifications, hurries him from one extreme to another, until at length he finds himſelf weakened beyond the enjoyment of any bleſſing, yet thirſting after the greateſt. Poſſeſſed of liberty without being conſcious of it, he commits acts of licentiouſneſs, without perceiving that he has deviated from the right path. Reprehended for theſe acts, he complains that his liberty is abridged, and that he lives a ſtranger to that free-will in which nature appears to have placed mankind.

Liberty is the never-ceaſing cry of them who abuſe it in the greateſt degree, and it is the theme of gratitude to them who know how to prize it moſt. The former conſider it as a permiſſion to do whatever miſchief lies in their power: the latter look upon it as the peculiar gift of heaven to a happy people; and are therefore watchful of their own words and actions, leſt in too great preſumption they encroach on its limits, and per-

vert it into a public curſe. With good men, the cry of liberty is much more ſeldom to be heard than with bad men. The views of good men tend not to ambition; their happineſs is a ſomething within, and that is liberty to them which permits them to employ the means of that happineſs; they are leſs boaſting of liberty, than anxious to improve it to the beſt of purpoſes, and content to have the power of doing unlimited good; they are not impatient to be ſacrifificed to the invitations and ſeduction of vice. Not ſo with bad men. Their happineſs flows not from a conſciouſneſs of inward worth, intention, or approbation. Their happineſs is pleaſure, a never-ceaſing endeavour to make the preſent hour a buſy or a giddy one, to baniſh the conſideration of what is before them, and the recollection of what hath paſt. In this purſuit they exhauſt their liberty; it is inſufficient for their purpoſe; it becomes expedient that they have leave to trample common laws, decency, and government under foot: but the general peace of a nation requires that they be reſtrained from ſuch outrage; this reſiſtance ſtimulates their worſt paſſions; they complain that they want liberty, that they are ſlaves, and live under tyrannical government. Aſſiſted by thouſands of men as worthleſs and unprincipled as themſelves, they encroach by little and little on the lenity of good government, until they have deprived laws of their force, and given to the nation an example of reſiſtance to wiſe governors, as the only means of ſecuring the permanency of their reſtleſs libertiniſm. Mercy is an enemy to ſudden harſhneſs; lenient meaſures are carried into execution, but without effect; and in the ſpace of a very few years, authority has loſt its nerve, and laws are merely records of what has been but uſeleſs in the prevention or puniſhment of the crimes that are.

All our bleſſings, all our paſſions and affections, are ſubjected to a certain regular progreſs; they all incline to the extreme, but the true enjoyment of them lies in the *mean*. A good mind may enjoy thoſe bleſſings and be grateful for them while they laſt, but it is only a *great* mind that can make them laſt for ever. It is a *great* mind that diſtinguiſhes between rational friendſhip and a temporary enthuſiaſm; between œconomy and avarice; between generoſity and prodigality; between liberty and licentiouſneſs. It is a *great* mind only that can ſo enjoy a bleſſing as to know that it is tranſitory in its common nature, and only permanent when we can reflect on it with pleaſure. It is a *great* mind only that can ſo reſtrain the paſſions of youth, and the inequalities of temper in manhood, as to prevent them from accumulating and accelerating the calamities of life, and making man miſerable in the midſt of happineſs which he is too weak to enjoy. In a word, it is a *great* mind only that can prevent us from miſtaking the power of doing good for a permiſſion to do whatſoever ill our paſſions or our profligacy may ſuggeſt.

Liberty is of two kinds; liberty to do good, and liberty to do ill. The firſt, good men enjoy: the latter, bad men in a certain degree do enjoy; that is, they are permitted to be their own enemies, and only reſtrained from being public peſts. But the liberty to do good, and the liberty to do ill, cannot be ſeparated, becauſe men entertain different ideas of good and ill, and we can only judge of one or the other by obſerving their tendency, whether it be moſt to happineſs or miſery. In this country they are cloſely united; and their being but few diſtinctions between the one and the other, and thoſe few little attended to and leſs enforced, we not only poſſeſs the power of doing good, but are

are exposed to all the temptations of licentiousness.

In order to judge whether the usual complaints of the want of liberty are just, let us consider in what our liberty consists. It is commonly divided into religious and civil; the former regarding toleration to worship God in whatsoever manner we please; and the latter securing to us our properties, persons, &c.

In the first place, We are at liberty to worship one God, or two Gods, or no Gods at all.

Secondly, We are at liberty to deny that there is a God, to impugn the doctrine of the Trinity, to deny the existence of a Saviour, and to *prove*, that when men die, there is an end of them; and that it is as absurd to expect eternal life for man, as it is to expect that the ashes of burnt coals shall in another world revive and unite into solid masses.—We may prove, likewise, that the world was originally a chaos; and that the present objects in it made themselves without any assistance from a superior Being; that man's mind is a bundle of ideas, put together nobody knows when, and disposed of afterwards nobody knows where; that dogs and cats have souls to be saved as well as men; that an Atheist, a Deist, or a Freethinker, is a man of greater liberality of sentiment than a Christian; that the Scriptures are a collection of fables, calculated to frighten old women and children, but very much beneath the attention of a man of spirit.

Thirdly, We are at liberty to worship our Maker according to the form of the Church of England, of Scotland, of Rome, or of the Quakers, Arminians, Socinians, Methodists, or any other form whatever. ——Or, if we are pleased to neglect worship of every kind, there is no law whatever to make us act otherwise. And, if we attach ourselves to any sect, we are still at liberty to break through the rules of that sect, and give our assistance to reduce its primitive sanctity to a level with the prevailing profligacy of the age. I will not enlarge on this subject; it may be disagreeable.

Fourthly, We are at liberty to live single, chastely, or to marry; we are at liberty to enter the house of a friend, to seduce his wife into the basest of crimes, or his daughter from her duty, her character, and her happiness! we are at liberty to keep a mistress, or to visit the promiscuous meetings of the abandoned; we are, in short, at liberty to violate the ties of marriage and of affection, to introduce misery and remorse into a house where happiness and conscious innocence used to delight to dwell.

Fifthly, We are at liberty to prey on the fortune or happiness of our neighbour in whatsoever manner we please; to impose on his credulity, nay, to derive the greatest wealth from abusing the good nature and unsuspecting curiosity of a nation; to erect schools of infamy in the most fashionable places; to improve every weakness of a benevolent people into self-interest; and, like the enemy of mankind, to go about seeking whom we may devour. In the course of trade, the unguarded moments of ingenuous friendship, and on every occasion, may we enrich ourselves at the expence of others; and thus it is often, that the riches which might have made thousands happy, are heaped on a wretch who cannot enjoy them. We are at liberty to oppress the fallen, and make the miserable yet more miserable.——Or, we are at liberty to return good for evil, to raise and support neglected merit, to wipe away tears from the eyes of the afflicted, and create a smile even in the house of mourning. We are at liberty to listen to all the calls of humanity and misery, and to employ our wealth in alleviating the woes of others, and thereby increasing our own happiness.

Sixth-

Sixthly, We are at liberty to read all books; to study whatever science we please: nor are we less free, if we never open a book, and are entirely ignorant of science.

Seventhly, We enjoy the liberty of the press. In what this originally consisted, I cannot well determine. At present, by it we are at liberty to print blasphemy, treason, and profligacy; books to alienate us from our God, our King, and our duty: we are at liberty to print the most obscene books that ever disgraced the invention of man; to sell them in public, to advertise them in common newspapers, to speak in praise of them in newspapers, to promote the sale of them in whatever manner we please, to extend it to all parts of the world; thus to infuse the deadliest poison into the minds of the young and the unthinking of both sexes. Whether there are any laws against such writings or not, it is not for me to say; but is it of any consequence that we have laws, if they are not carried into execution? I rather suppose, in charity to our legislators, both spiritual and civil, that it is not at present in their power to suppress obscene books. Far be it from me to think that they are not willing to do so.—We are also at liberty to print books in useful sciences; and a blessing, beyond all others, invaluable to a benevolent mind! We are at liberty to make what attempts we can to counteract the operations of libertine writers, and to employ both wit and argument to render vice ridiculous, and vicious writers contemptible. To this liberty we owe the best works that ever appeared in any language.

Eighthly, We are entirely free to exercise the tongue and pen of calumny and falsehood. How grateful ought some newspapers to be for this liberty?—By it they enjoy the unlimited privilege of traducing any character however great or good, of reprobating any measure of government however salutary, of disturbing the peace of private families, of turning into ridicule things sacred, and familiarizing the lower classes with habits of dissatisfaction and disobedience—Supreme blessing!—They have even the liberty to contribute, and that in no inconsiderable degree, to the desolation of their country, by misleading the affections of the ignorant from the government under which they live, and making that government an object of pity or of derision to other states—Happy country! where *this* is liberty—The time was, when the very debates of Parliament were concealed from the public eye, and when it was criminal to publish them—Barbarous and tyrannical were those times, when a man would have been pilloried for a political paragraph, convicted criminally for *cool considerations*, yea, hanged for a *hint*—Perish the memory of such Gothic actions! No—rather let us turn our eyes, for a proof of the superiority of the present system of liberty, to the riots in 1780, when those men who had been the subjects of diurnal malevolence for a series of years, were the very persons most in danger of being knocked on the head.—Had a spirit of moderation actuated political critics before that time, the mob would have been at a loss for victims—but a spirit of moderation is a *slavish* spirit.

Of the ten commandments, I know none which we may not break even literally—Stealing comes within the sphere of our liberty; and murder is a crime whose enormity is entirely done away by a new set of laws, commonly called *laws of honour*.—In a word, our liberty is the liberty of doing just as we please—of doing all manner of good, or all manner of wickedness; of robbing, provided it be not on the highway; of stealing, provided we do

not

not enter a man's houſe by a ladder; of murder, provided we go about the work coolly, and after due notice given; of adultery, provided there be no legal proof; and of every degree of calumny, provided we have the art to lurk under the cover of ZA—PQ—or any other anonymous ſignature. When to the above obſervations, we add the free uſe and importation of every luxury, and the practice of every vice, I think our *Liberty* may be called COMPLETE. *Weſtminſt. Mag.*

A DEFENCE *of the* SLAVE TRADE.

SIR,

I OBSERVED in your laſt Magazine an elegant performance on the ſlavery of the negroes of the Weſt Indies. While I admire that humanity which directs the author's pen, I cannot help regretting it ſhould have induced him to plead ſo bad a cauſe. Were the negroes in their native country free and civilized, and poſſeſſed of thoſe finer feelings which he aſcribes to his viſionary hero, there might perhaps be ſome reaſon for his complaints: but if we reflect for a moment on that ſtate of ſlavery, rudeneſs, and barbariſm, in which they are immerſed in their native country, we will ſoon agree they cannot change for the worſe. Wandering amidſt trackleſs deſerts or boundleſs foreſts, where foot of Chriſtian never trod, deſtitute of the common neceſſaries of life, and expoſed to all the fury of inclement ſkies; their ſituation affords only one complicated ſcene of miſery. It would be ſhocking indeed to the feelings of humanity to paint that deſpotiſm they are ſubjected to in their own climate. Deſpotiſm in any country is diſcordant to the finer feelings of the human ſoul, but more eſpecially in a barbarous age. In civilized periods, the dictates of humanity repreſs the unfeeling rigour of the tyrant; but in more unpoliſhed ages, his lawleſs fury knows no bound. The ſervitude, then, of the negroes is to them a happy change. It relieves them from the barbarous deſpotiſm of their native tyrants, and ſubjects them to more civilized maſters.

I agree with the author in reprobating every unneceſſary ſeverity to theſe unhappy beings; but, at the ſame time, I cannot help obſerving, that freedom would prove to them a real misfortune. Habit reconciles human nature to every poſſible ſituation; and a change, however to the better, may ſometimes be diſagreeable. Snatch the Hottentot from the dirt of his native huts, and place him in a palace, and he will be unhappy. Bear the Greenlander from his dreary regions to ſome climate bleſſed with the verdure of perpetual ſpring, and ſtill he will be miſerable. The inhabitant of a deſpotic country looks with contempt on that freedom which we adore. To give the negro freedom, would be to deſtroy his happineſs; for ſlavery is become congenial to his nature.

I might now expatiate on the neceſſity of the meaſure to preſerve our ſugar iſlands, which would otherwiſe be ruined; I might mention the loſſes our trade would thereby ſuſtain, and the advantages that would accrue to our natural foes: but theſe are topics ſo often inſiſted upon, that I think it entirely unneceſſary to mention them here. I am,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

CASSIUS.

EDIN. March 12. 1785.

RE-

REFLECTIONS *on the State of* NATURAL HISTORY *amongſt the Ancients; and on the Cauſes of the Fiction wherewith their Narrations abound.*

THE connection of the arts and ſciences one with another, has been fitly compared to the continuity of a circle. Conſidered in a progreſſive, as well as in an united view, they may, with equal propriety, be likened to a body of ſoldiers; in the movements of which, thoſe in the advance will, as long as there are no obſtructions in the way, be regularly followed by the lines behind them.

From this mutual dependency, the improvement in any one in particular muſt be proportional, in a great meaſure, to the progreſs of the whole: with all, however, this is not the caſe; and, whilſt the greater part moves only with the body at large, there are ſome which can puſh themſelves forward independent of the reſt, and can leave them for a while at a diſtance behind.

In the earlier ages, therefore, during the infant ſtate of the arts and ſciences, chiefly in the latter kind would advancement be made; and the greater number, helpleſs of themſelves, and unaided by others, would for a long time remain at a ſtand.

Now, there is reaſon to ſuppoſe, that the contemplation of thoſe objects of nature by which he would be ſurrounded, would be the firſt employment of the thinking part of created man, when the neceſſities of life were once ſatisfied, and the conveniences thereof duly provided for. And hence it is not improbable, that natural hiſtory is a ſcience of remoteſt antiquity. This, though in theſe days dependent for its increaſe on the help of the reſt, might, before the time of the flood, when neither the race of men nor of beaſts were very widely diſperſed, have made greater advances than many of the others: but afterwards, when the inhabitants of the earth were diffuſedly ſcattered over every tract, obſervation would be deprived of many of its objects; and curioſity would not have the means of indulgence. All that could be known, therefore, of thoſe individuals of nature which, confined to particular climes, particular nations, on account of the imperfection of navigation, could not poſſibly ſee, muſt be wholly referred to the traditional accounts received from thoſe whom the Divine pleaſure had preſerved from the flood. But as memory by degrees would unavoidably loſe much of what oral tradition had taught, the bulk of facts would, after a time, be ſadly diminiſhed. And, the deficiency of truth, as is always the caſe, being freely ſupplied by the introduction of fiction, the hiſtorical deſcriptions of many of the individuals of the natural world would, in the end, be little more than tales of invention.

Hence, in the later ages, when the hand inſtead of the tongue became the recorder of what was known, natural hiſtorians, in their accounts of thoſe individuals they never had ſeen, and which, for want of the means, they never could ſee, could only relate what tradition had told them; and, unfurniſhed with the power for making proper inquiry, would be obliged, in ſome meaſure, to give credit to ſtories which they could not contradict; and, in many inſtances, to admit of fiction in the place of fact.

Theſe things being conſidered, it will not be difficult to account for the many fabulous narrations and idle tales which occur in the writings of the naturaliſts of old, particularly in the works of Ariſtotle, Ælian, and Pliny. Of theſe, Ælian was perhaps the moſt credulous. He, of all others, ſeems to have taken the great-
eſt

eſt delight in exciting the wonder of his readers by the marvellous hiſtories wherewith he abounds. One inſtance of *ingenious* (I ſhould ſay abſurd) fiction I ſhall here mention; ſince his recital of it muſt afford a conſpicuous proof of his propenſity this way. "Wolves (ſays he, in the 20th chapter of the 7th of his 17 books, περι ζωων ιδιοτητος) are exceedingly ſavage. It is ſaid by the Egyptians, that they even devour one another, and practiſe the following ſtratagem for that purpoſe. Having formed themſelves into a ring, they all run round till one of them, ſeized with a giddineſs from that vertiginous motion, ſuddenly drops: At that inſtant all the others ruſh upon him, tear him to pieces, and eat him up!" There is ſomething ſo ſtrikingly improbable that hungry ſavage wolves ſhould ceremoniouſly and deliberately take ſuch a ſtep as this to ſatisfy the cravings of their impatient appetites, that it is truly aſtoniſhing that ſuch a ſtory ſhould ever have been invented, and ſtill more wonderful that it ſhould ever have found its way into the writings of a natural hiſtorian.

But, allowances being made, as they certainly ought to be, for the times in and the circumſtances under which the naturaliſts above mentioned wrote, ſuch kind of faults we ſhall readily over-look: perſuaded, that had they had the ſame opportunities of voyaging to diſtant tracts, as every one now-a-days has; had the intercourſe of men, and the communication of knowledge, been as eaſy, as extenſive, and as frequent in thoſe times as they are in the preſent; and, laſtly, had they then had thoſe grand repoſitories and great collections of whatever is worthy preſervation, of which every civilized nation is now poſſeſſed: aſſured, I ſay, that with aſſiſtance like this, they would have traced out the truth in theſe things as far as the moderns have done; and that under the ſame diſadvantages, thoſe of our own times would have fallen into as many errors. Amidſt a multitude of fiction, by which the ancients are obſcured, much reality will be certainly found by thoſe who will be at the pains of an attentive examination. And they who hold in cheap eſtimation whatever our fore-fathers have done, muſt ſurely require to be told, that though the moderns may boaſt of having piled up the building which catches the eye; the firm foundation, the more important part, which is hidden from our ſight, whereupon the ſuperſtructure is raiſed, and which alone gives ſtability to the whole, is the work of thoſe who lived in earlier times.

MONACHUS.

COMPARISON *of the Modern and Ancient* ORATORS.

LORD MONBODDO mentions a fact, which appears to me to furniſh a better ſolution than any that has yet been given, of a queſtion that has long divided the ſentiments of the learned, I mean the reaſon why the ancients excelled the moderns in eloquence; for that they did excel them in this polite art is univerſally admitted, even by thoſe who are leaſt prejudiced in favour of antiquity. True it is, his Lordſhip does not draw the ſame inference from this fact that I mean to draw. He has produced it for a very different purpoſe. No matter: the inference is not the leſs natural or the leſs obvious on that account. The firſt contriver of a machine or inſtrument, does not always foreſee the various uſes to which it may be applied.

One of the principal reasons assigned by those who have written upon this subject, for the superiority of the ancients above the moderns in the art of eloquence, is the great simplicity, as well as the small number of their laws, by which their orators were not only left at liberty, but were even in some measure obliged to address themselves to the equity of the judges, instead of drawing their arguments from established rules and precedents. Now, as equity is rather of a vague and indeterminate nature, depending very much upon the sentiments of mankind, and being different in the opinion of different persons, it evidently follows, that their orators had a fair opportunity, and even a strong temptation, to adorn their speeches with all the flowers of rhetoric. The case is very different in modern times and modern governments, especially in our own government. Here the laws are so numerous and so comprehensive, as to take in almost every case that can possibly happen. The consequence is, that our public speakers, at least in their judicial pleadings, are obliged to adhere strictly to the rigid letter of the law. They have no need to paint in strong colours the atrociousness of the crime of which the culprit is accused. Their only business is to prove that he is either guilty or innocent of the charge; and if he is guilty, the law will determine the nature as well as the degree of his punishment.

Another reason, commonly alleged for the superiority of the ancient orators above the modern is, that the former always addressed themselves to more numerous and more mixed bodies of people than the latter. In the petty states of ancient Greece, the orators had frequently the whole body of the citizens, which sometimes comprehended the whole subjects of the state, for their hearers. This was attended with a double advantage. In the first place, it inspired them with a stronger desire to excel; as it is an undoubted fact, that a man will always exert himself with greater spirit when he speaks to a large, than when he directs his discourse to a small assembly. And this desire of excelling would, in general, be followed by a proportionable ability to do so. The vigour of performance is commonly in proportion to the intenseness of desire; and it is very justly remarked by some moral or metaphysical writer, whose name I cannot at present recollect (I think it is either Mr Hume or Dr Johnson), that a strong propensity to any particular art or science, is generally accompanied with an equal genius or capacity for it.

The other advantage is this: the circumstance of being listened to by a numerous audience gave the orator an opportunity of working more powerfully on the passions, the prejudices, and the affections of his hearers; for though small bodies of men may be guided by reason, yet large bodies are almost always influenced by passion. The rule, which holds in the material world, is directly reversed in the moral, or the rational. In the former, the larger a body is, it is the more difficult to move; but in the latter, the larger it is, it is the more easily moved. Hence it is, that the ancient orators, in haranguing the large assemblies to whom they commonly spoke, addressed themselves not to the reason, but to the passions of their hearers; and it is well known, that in moving and controuling the passions, and thereby influencing and directing the conduct, the great secret of oratory consists.

Besides, the ancient assemblies were not only the more easily led in consequence of their being numerous, but likewise because, from this very circumstance, the greater part of them

them may be supposed to have consisted of the most ignorant and the most uninformed of the people; and it is a certain fact, that every man in proportion to his ignorance, is more under the dominion of passion, and less under the guidance of reason. One of the most numerous assemblies, to which an orator in modern times has an opportunity of addressing himself—I mean a political orator; for as to the eloquence of the pulpit, I leave it at present entirely out of the question—is the British House of Commons; but, I believe, it will be allowed, even by the most enthusiastic admirers of antiquity, that a British House of Commons is a more learned and more intelligent body than a Roman or an Athenian mob; and that therefore the same abilities which enabled a Cicero or a Demosthenes to command the resolutions of their countrymen, would by no means enable a British senator to gain the same ascendency over his fellow-members.

A third reason that is usually assigned for this superiority of the ancients above the moderns in the art of eloquence, is, that the former indulged themselves in a more spirited delivery, and a more vehement action, than the latter ever employ, or perhaps even dare employ, without running the risk of making themselves ridiculous. The celebrated opinion of Demosthenes on this subject is well known. Being asked what was the first part of oratory? he answered, Action: what was the second? Action: what was the third? he still answered, Action; thereby insinuating, that action was the principal qualification of an orator, and that all other qualifications, without this, would be of little or no avail. Agreeably to this maxim, the action of the ancient orators was of the most bold and animated kind. The *supplosio pedis*, or stamping with the foot, was one of their most moderate and usual gestures; though it is now banished from the pulpit, the senate, and the bar, as too vehement; and is only admitted into the theatre, to accompany the expression of the most violent passions.

Many other reasons for this superiority of the ancient orators to the modern, are alledged by different authors; but the principal one, in my opinion, is the fact that is mentioned by Lord Monboddo, and which I alluded to above. It is this: Before the invention of printing, books being only in manuscript, were so scarce and so dear, that it exceeded the ability of any but persons of the very first fortune to purchase any considerable number of them. To those of little or no fortune, they were absolutely inaccessible. The consequence was, that whatever share of knowledge a man was then possessed of, he was obliged to treasure it up in his memory, to carry it perpetually about with him, and to have it ready upon all occasions, and, as it were, at his finger's end.

The case is very different in modern times. That the moderns are more learned than the ancients, I have not the least doubt; but a great part of a modern scholar's knowledge lies in his books, which he can consult whenever he pleases. He thinks it unnecessary to burden his memory with a great number of minute particulars. He holds it sufficient to remember the leading facts of history, and the general principles of arts and sciences; but as to the details of either, he frequently suffers them to escape his memory, conscious that, by means of his books, he can easily recall them whenever he has occasion to employ them for any particular purpose. Thus it appears, that an ancient scholar, considered singly and by himself, and without any foreign aid and assistance, was a much more accomplished

plished character than a modern; but allow the latter to call in those aids, and that assistance which he has always near him, and which he can command whenever he pleases, and he outstrips the former by infinite degrees.

This very difference, however, afforded the ancients a surprising advantage over the moderns in the article of eloquence; for I believe it may be laid down as an indisputable fact, that, *cæteris paribus*, every man will make a more capital figure, either as a private speaker or a public orator, in proportion as he has his knowledge more at his command, and ready to produce on every occasion. Hence we find, by daily experience, that a man possessed of a very moderate share of knowledge, will sometimes eclipse another, who is perhaps master of ten times his learning; and indeed it is a common remark, that the most learned and ingenious men are frequently the most aukward and ungainly speakers. Addison could hardly open his mouth in parliament.

Add to this another consideration, which perhaps is of no less importance, and that is, that the ancient orators were perpetually engaged in the exercise of their art, as it was the only means they had of communicating their sentiments to the inferior orders of the people; whereas the moderns have a less direct indeed, but at the same time a much more comprehensive method of doing so. For I believe I may affirm, without being charged with being guilty of exaggeration, that for one discourse that is now addressed to the people in public harangues, there are a thousand, and even ten thousand addressed to them in print. What was formerly done by the tongue, is now performed by the press.

If you, Sir, or any of your correspondents can favour the public with a more satisfactory solution of this curious question, I shall be glad to hear it; for though now firmly convinced of the justness of my reasoning, yet I am not so wedded to my own opinion, as not to be willing to change it for a better.

I am yours, &c.

REFLECTOR.

T. and C. Mag.

Ancient working of MINES *in travelling through* SIBERIA; *by* M. PALLAS.

IN travelling thro' the southern part of this immense country, we discover frequent traces of a population much more numerous than what it could boast of at the time of its memorable conquest by the Russians. One does not indeed perceive those monuments, whose ruins testify the pride and magnificence of their ancient founders: here are neither temples, theatres, nor aqueducts. The habitations themselves are only indicated by certain entrenchments which a genius for war caused to be reared, and which time has almost effaced. On the other hand, there are here found tombs of a size often prodigious; and such as reverence alone for the memory of ancestors could have engaged barbarous nations (who are always indolent) to erect from those rude materials which nature offered, and which time has more respected than the greater part of the productions of art of the polished nations of antiquity.

These tombs exist every where in the discovered regions which extend along the great chain of mountains bordering on Siberia. Their number and vast size are no where more observable than along the rich tracts be-

between the rivers Abakan and Oruyoufs, upon the weftern banks of the Yenifeï, and at the foot of the Altaique Alps. This recals the idea of the Scythians; of whom it is faid in Quintus Curtius, that they challenged the conqueror of Darius to come and attack them nigh the tombs of their anceftors. The choice of the ground, the excellent paftures, the abfence of every trace of mafonry, or any fixed habitation, announce here, as well as every where elfe in Siberia, the ancient nations called Nomades. And the number of very large tombs, grouped together as in cemeteries, prove that the Yenifeï was the principle feat of the empire of thefe ancient nations; the memory of whom no longer exifts in thefe places, and whom the Tartars, the actual inhabitants of the neighbourhood, recognize not for their anceftors, being ignorant even of their very name.

By an examination of thefe tombs, and by the frequent digging into them, which has been privately done for the fake of gain, in fpite of all prohibitions, we are now enabled to clafs them, and to judge from their exterior form of their contents, and of what we may expect to find in them. In thofe of the firft clafs, of which M. Pallas defcribes the ftructure, there are generally found bones of horfes; then one or more fmall cells rudely conftructed and covered with coarfe ftones, where the dead bodies feem to have been interred without coffins, but with their moveables and moft neceffary utenfils. The ftate of the bones, which are found nearly deftroyed in thefe tombs, although in a dry and elevated foil, leaves no doubt of their high antiquity; the little riches which are got in them, mark a people without luxury and without induftry. It is only in the moft gigantic of thefe tombs, which we muft afcribe to the chiefs and to the richeft perfons of the nation, that there have been fometimes found utenfils and ornaments in gold and filver; but too artificially conftructed not to believe them productions foreign to that nation, and which they could have acquired only by commerce or plunder. Moreover, the iron difcovered in thefe fepulchres, whether of weapons or pieces of armour, diftinguifhes them very remarkably from the other clafs, which merits particular attention.

The tombs of the fecond clafs are rarely found mixed with the firft; fometimes indeed in the neighbourhood, but oftener collected in feparate and diftinct cemeteries. They are in the form of hillocks or mounds, of different fize and elevation; and being raifed with earth taken from the plain without any veftige of foffes or trenches in their neighbourhood. Some of thefe earthen monuments are furrounded at their bafe with vaft maffes of rock fixed in the ground; and they are found fometimes accompanied with fome huge ftone with heads rudely fculptured on it, or marked with fome unfhapely figures. Under this accumulation of earth, which is raifed generally two or three, and fometimes four or five fathoms above the level of the plain, upon a circumference of 60 or 150 paces, one finds feveral caverns often pretty entire, conftructed of coarfe larix wood, like to the timber-work in the cottages of the Ruffian villages, and covered with rough planks of the fame wood with birchen bark above. It is known that thefe two vegetable fubftances refift corruption for ages; and certainly they could not have chofen better materials next to ftone; which laft the builders of thefe tombs feem to have avoided, becaufe they were ignorant how to cut and fafhion them into a regular mafonry, for otherwife they had them within their reach; and one finds even fometimes maffes of them placed by way of roof upon thefe wooden caverns.

A remark, essential to be made here, is, that besides certain small pieces of workmanship, and a quantity of little plates of beaten gold, there are taken from these tombs a very great number of instruments and utensils, all of copper and brass. The wrought gold and copper contained in these tombs, and of which the cabinet of the academy of Petersburgh possesses a very numerous collection, have forms so rude, and abound so much in all these tombs, that one must necessarily ascribe the fabrication of them to this ancient people of whom they are the monuments. They had undoubtedly the means and industry to procure to themselves the first substances in plenty enough to expend them on their sepulchres: for the tombs of the poorest sort are hardly ever without some pieces of these two metals; and those of the rich contain very large quantities of gold in plates, which excite the greediness of the diggers. We can no longer doubt that this people were either ignorant of, or at least neglected, the use of iron, since, in spite of the prodigious number of very rich iron-mines in the neighbourhood of the Yeniseï, all their cutting instruments, hatchets, knives, daggers, points of lancets and arrows, were of copper. Works of silver are as rare in these tombs as those of iron, less perhaps through ignorance of the mode of obtaining it from the mines, than through the deficiencies of every mineral which contains it in that neighbourhood.

These details conduct the academician to the true subject of his memoir. He has no difficulty in conceiving whence this ancient people drew their gold and their copper when he considers the frequent traces of ancient mines which are found in the neighbourhood, and every where, where such monuments have been left. Since the Russians have begun to work the treasures contained in the bowels of Siberia, they have hardly cut a vein, or opened a mine, where the ancient miners had not already tried their fortune. Their works, tho' less deep, have ever served as traces to the modern miners; but it is observable, that these ancient works have only touched upon mines of copper, easy to work and melt, and upon ochres charged with grains of gold. Wherever the rock is strong, the works have been conducted superficially, in only scratching the surface of the veins most exposed by the falling down of the rock. In beds less refractory, the ancient workers have penetrated deeper, even as far as 10 or 20 toises. M. Pallas on this subject has entered into large details; and he reports, that they have dug from the heart of the ochre-mines the skeleton of a man crushed by their falling in, whose mineralised bones were accompanied with his work implements, and a leather-bag filled with ochres very rich in golden grains.

Journ. Encyc.

An IMPROVEMENT *proposed.*

THOUGH born and bred out of Scotland, I have been many years settled in it; and since I came into it, have constantly attended the Presbyterian worship. I believe it will not be refused, that our preachers, of late years especially, have in general paid such attention to what they are to deliver from the pulpit, that we have now not a few whose compositions equal even those that are the most respectable pulpit-orators

orators of any eftablifhment in Chriftendom.

Ever fince I have been able to reflect upon the different tenets held in religious fubjects by the numerous adherents to the Chriftian name, as far as I have had curiofity and time to look into them, I acknowledge my partial attachment for the Scotch eftablifhment, as at prefent reduced to that ftandard of moderation founded on a mutual forbearance of fuch as confcientioufly diffent from our communion; and this my attachment has yearly increafed, only one circumftance excepted, to which I flatter myfelf, that the judicioufly devout will give their hearty affent.

I have ever thought the multiplicity of prayers in the Englifh fervice, together with their brevity, no recommendation to that mode of worfhip; though as prayer and praife are immediate addreffes to God, and, as I take it, the chief end of our hebdomadal meetings, I cannot but allow, that the Epifcopal fervice has an effential advantage over at leaft a great number of our religious public affemblies; in which the time fpent in devotional exercifes does not bear a fuitable proportion to that which is taken up in preaching.

Our extemporary prayers, as they are called, may now in general be heard and followed with pleafure by the moft intelligent audience, as they are equally replete with pious fentiments and correct diction. Our verfion of the pfalms, though not elegant comparatively with fome others, recommends itfelf as a clofe tranflation; and in fome places is not deftitute of what I fhall take the liberty to ftyle the *fimplex munditiis*.

Would our minifters portion out the time allotted for divine fervice fo as at leaft to divide it into three parts, equal or nearly fo, that prayer and praife may have each their proper fhare thereof with the public difcourfes, I prefume our meetings would be with more propriety faid to be for public worfhip than at prefent. Some mode near to this is what I would be extremely pleafed to fee introduced.

I know many think it would be more becoming to ftand up when we are praifing God: but as fuch a reform might offend thofe who make up the greateft body of our religious affemblies, I am inclined to recommend the old cuftom: though moft earneftly would I recommend to all heads of families to encourage the cultivation of church-mufic, that as we are now by our enlightened paftors entertained and inftructed elegantly as well as fcripturally, we the hearers, by praifing the great Jehovah with underftanding hearts, and in fweet melodious ftrains, may have our public devotions gone through all of a-piece. R.

EDIN. Mar. 3. 1785.

P. S. I have not, unfeldom, been fhocked with the ill-timed hafte of fome preachers, who, after a difcourfe of an hour's length, or near by it, have concluded the fervice with a prayer and pfalm, both difpatched in little more than five minutes. This is not an obfervation of mine alone; and from it has been drawn a conclufion not over friendly to the devotion of the preacher. R.

OBSERVATIONS *on the* CLIMATE *of* NICE, *in a Letter from* B. PUGH, M. D. *to Sir* GEORGE BAKER, *Baronet.*

MY view, fays the author, in this publication, is to render fervice to thofe of my countrymen, whofe infirm ftate of health may force them to feek relief in foreign climes. And as this place, Nice, is fo much reforted

sorted to by English invalids, it is my earnest wish to render them all the information and assistance in my power, and I feel myself particularly called on to be minute in my account of it.

The city of Nice is the capital of that county in Piedmont, which belongs to the king of Sardinia.

The country about Nice is most delightful and pleasant, all which, from the Castle Hill, or even from the ramparts, is taken in at one view, and looks like an enchanted spot or garden of Paradise; the whole plain being highly cultivated with vines, pomegranates, almonds, &c. as also with every species of evergreens, as oranges, lemons, citrons, and bergamots. The hills are shaded to the tops with olive trees; amongst which are interspersed the cassinas or country houses, which add great warmth to the landscape. The gardens belonging to them are full of rose-trees, carnations, ranunculas, violets, and all sorts of flowers, which bloom the whole winter. Here, indeed, vegetation continues the whole year, and the inhabitants may justly be said to enjoy a perpetual spring; for although Nature reposes herself during the winter months in most other countries, she is ever active and indefatigable here.

The sun in this climate, during the winter months, produces a heat nearly equal to that in the month of May in England. Such also is the serenity of the air, that one sees nothing above one's head for months together, but the most charming blue expanse without clouds.

The walks near this city are very pleasant and numerous: but the rides, which are very much confined, are stony and disagreeable, except the two where the carriages pass; the one by the sea-side, as far as the Var, about five miles; and the other, about two miles from the New Gate, on the Turin road, between two lofty mountains, by the side of the river Paglian.

There is a market tolerably well supplied with provisions, such as beef, pork, mutton, and veal. The lamb is small, and often poor: the poultry is very indifferent, and dear; but game is plentiful and reasonable, unless there be much company. There is no scarcity of fish; but the best sorts are dear: the butter is good, and rather cheap; the bread very indifferent indeed. The greatest part of their provisions come from Piedmont.

I hope I have given a just account of this beautiful little country, with respect to its external and pleasing form: let us now look into its inconveniences, and the more interesting parts with respect to those who come here for the purpose of recovering lost health.

Amongst the many disagreeable things are to be reckoned the incredible number of flies, fleas, bugs, gnats, &c These never sink into a torpid state, as in colder climates, but are troublesome all the winter. Gnat-nets are fixed to all the beds, without which there would be no sleeping. The trades-people are extremely imposing in all their dealings; and the English in general, with every degree of circumspection, cannot guard against their knavery. Servants of every kind are the most abandoned cheats, slovenly and lazy; the lodging-houses excessively dear, both in town and country, which they force you to take for six months, or they will not suffer you to enter. Care must be taken to make the most particular agreements upon every occasion; for if the least tittle be left to their honour or good nature, you will pay dearly for falsely attributing to them qualities which this class of the inhabitants very rarely possess.

It is necessary to state these difficulties, because it is important to the cure that the patient should enjoy every comfort, and possess an equal

qual and calm mind; for in as much as his quiet is disturbed, or his temper ruffled, by so much is his cure retarded.

The climate now demands our attention. The air, as I before observed, is serene, and perfectly free from moisture; whatever clouds may be formed by evaporation from the surrounding sea, seldom hover long over this small territory, but are attracted by the mountains, and there fall in rain or snow. As for those which gather from more distant quarters, their progress hitherward is obstructed by these very Alpine mountains, which rise one over another to an extent of many leagues.

The air being thus dry and elastic, it follows, that it must be agreeable to the constitutions of those who labour under disorders arising from weak nerves, obstructed perspiration, relaxed fibres, a viscidity of lymph, and a languid circulation: But as the atmosphere is strongly impregnated with marine salt, which is easily discoverable when there are strong breezes from the sea, the surface of the hands being covered with a salt brine very sensible to the taste, scorbutic disorders are common amongst this people. This quality of the air arises from the high mountains which hem it in, and prevent its free communication with the surrounding atmosphere; in which the saline particles would be diffused and softened, were there a free circulation.

This country hath continually variable wind, as it is surrounded by mountains, capes, and straits. By these sharp and sudden variations, particularly in the months of March, April, and May, the human constitution is no less affected than by the current of air: whilst the sun gives so great heat, that you can scarce take any exercise out of doors, without being thrown into a breathing sweat, the wind is frequently so keen and piercing, that it too often produces the mischievous effects of the pores thus suddenly opened; as colds, pleurisies, peripneumonies, ardent fevers, rheumatisms, &c. The heat rarefies the blood and juices, while the cold wind constringes the fibres, and obstructs perspiration. Hence in the winter-months, you never meet an inhabitant of Nice without his cloak wrapped about him, and his mouth and nose stopped with his handkerchief or muff, that the air might not enter into his lungs without passing through a medium to soften it. Hence also he wears several flannel waistcoats and the warmest clothing.

To what diseases then are the inhabitants of this country most subject? They are troubled with fevers of various kinds, in most or all of which I found the lungs concerned; scrophulas, rheumatisms, ophthalmias, scorbutic putrid gums, with ulcers and eruptions of various sorts. The most prevailing distemper seemed to be a marasmus. I frequented their hospitals often, and found these to be the chief diseases; all which are similar to those in the hospitals of Naples and other towns near the sea-coast in Italy. But if the inhabitants themselves, whose very looks betray marks of ill health, afforded not such numerous proofs of the unwholesomeness of this air, I am, alas! furnished with too many by my unhappy countrymen, who wintered there in 1783. There were 24 families, besides several single English gentlemen, the whole of which amounted to the number of 136 persons; and I believe very few of those who came there on account of the air, found the expected benefit: I can except only two; one, an elderly gouty gentleman; the other, a tender, weakly, low-spirited gentleman, with a slow fever at times; but *both* had sound lungs. The only con-

consumptive cases I saw at Nice were six young gentlemen, and a lady rather advanced in years; all of whom died in the course of the winter. Three of these young men were so active and cheerful at times, even to a day before their deaths, that there was reason to hope for their recovery. Had they stayed in England, or some parts of the south of France, I firmly believe that four of the six, *if not now alive*, would at least have protracted their days.

The climate and diseases of Naples are similar to those of Nice. The air of both is evidently too sharp and penetrating for consumptive patients. Remains there then to be tried any plan which may be preferable? I will be hardy enough to suggest one, which appears to me to challenge fairer hopes of success.

The moderate warmth and refreshing verdure of England are surely preferable to the sultry suns and changeable piercing winds of Italy. Let the consumptive patient make choice of Abergavenny in South Wales for his summer residence; use proper exercise, and drink goats whey. If he be of a lax habit, the Tilbury waters will be an excellent common drink. As soon as winter threatens approach, let him remove to the environs of Bristol, take horse-exercise on the Downs as often as the weather and his strength will admit; and drink the hot-well waters under the direction of an able physician, who will assist him likewise in the application of proper medicine and diet. Should this method prove ineffectual, I should advise a trial of the south of France. The parts to which I should give the preference for a *winter* residence are the environs of the city of Avignon, near the famous fountain of Vaucluse, Nismes, or Pezenas, where the air is as dry, and much more pure than that of Italy.

As the sun, during the months of June, July, and August, is extremely powerful in Provence and Languedoc, let him remove to Berrage or Banniers, both situated amongst the mountains, where the air in these months is temperate and agreeable, the living cheap, good cows and goats milk in plenty, and some of the waters in each place beneficial in diseases of the lungs, as have been experienced by many who have drunk them under those complaints. The Cevennes mountains also, which abound with many medicinal springs, afford several places of an agreeable summer retreat. In November, let him return to his winter's residence. If, after a fair trial for two years, he should find no relief, I should fear that his disorder was beyond the reach of human skill. As there are but few drugs to be had either in France or Italy, and those few of the most ordinary quality, let me advise the invalid to furnish himself with a chest well filled with the best English medicines. Let me add another remark before I quit this topic. It is commonly thought that the moist and foggy atmosphere of Great Britain, so loaded as it is with humid particles, renders the inhabitants more liable to catarrhs, rheumatisms, fevers, pulmonary complaints, and other diseases arising from obstructed perspiration, than those of milder climates; but let the inhabitants on the sea-coasts of Italy, who are so horribly afflicted with these diseases, and than whom there are not more miserable objects in all Europe, testify to the contrary of this received idea.

The

The Felie-beg, *no part of the ancient* Highland Dress.—*Part of a Letter from* Ivan Baillie *of Abereachan, Esq;*

IN anſwer to your inquiry, I do report, according to the beſt of my knowledge, and the intelligence of perſons of credit and very advanced ages, that the piece of Highland dreſs, termed in the Gaelic *felie-beg*, and in our Scots *little kilt*, is rather of late than ancient uſage.

The upper garment of the Highlanders was the tartan or party-coloured plaid, termed in the Gaelic *breccan* when buckled round by a belt, and the lower part plaited and the upper looſe about the ſhoulders. The dreſs was termed in the Gaelic *felie*, and in the Scots *kilt*. It was a cumberſome unwieldy habit to men at work or travelling in a hurry, and *the lower claſs could not afford the expence of the belted trowſers or breeches.* They wore ſhort coats, waiſtcoats, and ſhirts of as great length as they could afford; and ſuch parts as were not covered by theſe, remained naked to the tying of the garters on their hoſe.

About 50 years ago, one Thomas Rawlinſon an Engliſhman, conducted an iron work carried on in the countries of Glengarie and Lochaber; he had a throng of Highlanders employed in the ſervice, and became very fond of the Highland dreſs, and wore it in the neateſt form; which I can aver, as I became perſonally acquainted with him above 40 years ago. He was a man of genius and quick parts, and thought it no great ſtretch of invention to abridge the dreſs, and make it handy and convenient for his workmen: and accordingly directed the uſing of the lower part plaited of what is called the *felie* or *kilt* as above, and the upper part was ſet aſide; and this piece of dreſs, ſo modelled as a diminutive of the former, was in the Gaelic termed *felie-beg* (*beg* in that tongue ſignifies *little*,) and in our Scots termed *little kilt*; and it was found ſo handy and convenient, that, in the ſhorteſt ſpace, the uſe of it became frequent in all the Highland countries, and in many of our northern Low Countries alſo. This is all I can ſay about the date and form of the *felie-beg*, and what was formerly uſed in place of it. And I certify from my own knowledge, that till I returned from Edinburgh to reſide in this country in the year 1725, after ſerving ſeven or eight years with writers to the ſignet, I never ſaw the *felie-beg* uſed, nor heard any mention of ſuch a piece of dreſs, not [even] from my father, who was very intelligent and well known to [acquainted with] Highlanders, and lived to the age of 83 years, and died in the year 1738, born in May 1655.

The *felie-beg* is in its form and make ſomewhat ſimilar to a woman's petticoat, termed in the Gaelic *boilicoat*; but differs in this, that the former is not ſo long nor ſewed in the fore-part, but made to overlap a little. The great *felie* or *kilt* was formed of the plaid double or twofold; the *felie-beg*, of it ſingle.

I uſe *f* and not *ph* in ſpelling *felie beg*, as, in my eſteem, more adapted to the Gaelic.

March 22. 1768.

[To the Editor of the Edinburgh Monthly Magazine.]

Cavils *at* Milton.

IN ſtudying the works of great men, eſpecially of thoſe who have ſhowed irregularity in their genius, I have often found it an amuſing exerciſe, and, if I have not deceived myſelf, likewiſe an inſtructive one,

to endeavour to amend, alter, and new-model their productions. The presumption of the attempt I confess may be great; but with me it is like a secret crime committed by one whose conscience is asleep, while no fears of discovery terrify his imagination. I endeavour to cast aside that veil of prejudice, which to minds of sensibility covers the naked follies of the great, and to be as familiar with their works as if they were the offspring of my own brain; erasing, varying, transposing, cavilling often at those passages I most admire. The result is, that either from a just conclusion of the judgment, or a misconception of the fancy, I think myself raised in some degree above my ordinary level towards that of my author, and kindred ideas to his inspire me, at the same time that I am more sensible of his merit from the little impression the weak shafts of my criticism are able to make upon an armour of proof, which presents only those openings which the imperfection, inseparable from human nature, is not able entirely to close.

The desire of communicating to others the pleasure I have felt myself, joined with that of scribbling, induces me to be for the present your correspondent: and to explain myself still more fully, I send you a specimen, which I make no doubt will fill with horror "and pangs unfelt before," almost every admirer of the great Milton. The presumptuous freedom with which he is treated, astonishes even myself, who am the perpetrator of the audacious deed. I intitle my lucubrations,

CAVILS at MILTON. Book I.

L. 1. "Of man's first disobedience," &c.

VARIATION.

Of man's first disobedience and the tree
Of knowledge, whose forbidden fruits were death
And Eden's loss, and all our future wo;
Till by the Son of Man they be restor'd:
Sing heavenly muse, &c.

L. 14. Can a song fly? The propriety of Milton's language here is doubtful, but the thought is fine. It is a just compliment which a great mind pays to itself.

VARIATION.

L. 16. Things unattempted yet by other bard.

VARIATION.

L. 18. To sculptur'd domes the heart upright and pure.

L. 20. Was present-brooding o'er the vast abyss.

Has a dove mighty wings? It is better to give no form at all to this mysterious spirit.

L. 22. Thou mad'st it pregnant——

L. 23. The expression wants accuracy too much to be good. *Lowness* is not in the man himself, but in his *place*. Low in *me* is nonsense.

——What is mean raise to sublime.

Query? Might not it be "raise and sublime?" *i. e.* make sublime.

L. 34. "The infernal spirit: he it was," &c.

As if the Holy Ghost in *propria persona* were answering his bold and peremptory question; and thus the whole of the poem the language of the Deity. This is soaring with a witness.

L. 30. "Favour'd of heav'n," &c.

It seems indeed very extraordinary: But, on the other hand, transgressing the will of a Deity in so whimsical, and in itself so innocent an instance, and that too by seduction artfully planned and dexterously executed, does not correspond with the term *foul revolt*. By the natural feelings, the religious sentiments may teach the contrary. Milton would have done better to have left it out, and made the proposition more general: Thus,

Favour'd of heav'n so highly, from their God

In

In black rebellion to fall off so soon?
Who first, &c.

L. 41. "If he oppos'd," &c.

Milton here gives you to understand, that Satan *trusted* to have equalled the Most High; and *doubted* if he even would *oppose* him! How inconsistent this with Satan's knowledge of the attributes of the Deity, which Milton often notices through the poem!

L. 42. "Against the throne and *monarchy* of God," &c.

This is an unlucky word. It suggests the word *despotism* as more descriptive.

L. 46. "With hideous ruin and combustion, down," &c.

Sound, but not sense.

L. 49. "Who durst defy," &c.

It was doubtless an instance of great courage and ambition; qualities of the mind which we mortals are very apt to admire; and we are as ready to condemn a savage cruelty in revenging their unsuccessful attempts. This introduction gives us a fellow-feeling for poor Satan through the whole of the poem.

L. 54. ——"more wrath"—— is feeble: it should be *greater wrath*. At any rate, it is rather an insulated observation; the "*for* now the thought," &c. appears at first to be an explanation or proof of what went before; but the poet really meant, that Satan's *future crimes* against our first parents were to bring a severer punishment upon him, and nothing of this goes either immediately before, or follows immediately after.

L. 55. "Both of lost happiness and lasting pain."

It would seem Milton here meant that there should be an antithesis. There is no opposition. The situation admits of a very striking one;

Both of past happiness and future wo;

Or,

Both of lost happiness and mis'ry found.

And the picture would be stronger, could the idea *for ever* be put in

Of pleasure ever lost, and endless pain.

L. 57. "That witness'd huge affliction."

The afflicted object may be huge; and perhaps this is the sense of the poet; but the affliction cannot It is a gross impropriety; huge joy, huge pleasure, huge hope, huge fear, are very inelegant.

——"Affliction and dismay" are improper colours for a picture of infernal demons. Obduracy, pride, hate, envy, fortitude, craft, cruelty, are more proper characteristics.

L. 60. "Dismal situation *waste* and *wild*."

It is *more* than *waste* and *wild*.—It is horrible, hideous, dreadful, execrable.

L. 61. "A dungeon." It is greater than a dungeon.

—— "Great furnace." It is greater than a furnace. Besides, who ever heard of a furnace being waste and wild?

VARIATION.

——Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd dire distraction and despair,
&c.
——The dismal situation ravag'd round
With fierce consuming fires; yet from, &c.

L. 68.——"And a fiery deluge." The poet brings in the fiery deluge here again, as if he had not been describing it all the while, but was now to say something on it for the first time

L. 69. "With ever burning sulphur unconsumed." Sound. It would have had a good effect to bear the materials of the fire to the imagination.

L. 72. ——"Utter darkness." A scripture-phrase has a bad effect here. We had before darkness visible, by which we saw some objects though dimly; now we have utter darkness.—Pshaw!

L. 74. "As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole."

This line does not fill the mind with the idea of prodigious distance. What is the utmost pole?

VA-

VARIATION.

More distant from the blissful seats of heav'n,
Than through the illimitable starry sphere
From pole to pole; where telescopic art
In vain attempts to reach.

L. 80. " Long after known in Palestine," &c.

Milton's fancy in making devils of the heathen deities corresponds exactly with the impressions we receive of them from the scriptures.

L. 84. " If thou be'st he," &c.

This outset does not correspond with the ferocity and sternness of the character. He should not bewail his fate, but be above it, as afterwards Milton informs us even the common herd of devils accomplished; and

——Arm the obdurate breast
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.

X.

On the COINS *and* MEDALS *of* SCOTLAND.

THE knowledge of the coins and medals of Scotland has hitherto been in a great measure confined to the antiquary alone. This we imagine has been occasioned by the few books that have been written on that subject, the high price which they bear, and, above all, by the want of a proper collection, to which the studious might have easy access. To supply, as far as lies in our power, these defects, we have thought it our duty, for the instruction of such of our readers as may wish to have information on that subject, to select the following extract from an Essay on Medals just published, which contains much useful information on the subject in general.

" There is no certainty of any coins being struck in Scotland till the reign of Alexander II. which began in the year 1214. Those ascribed to Alexander I. there is little doubt belong to the second prince of that name; else many would be found in the long reign of David, who succeeded Alexander I. And though the short time which Malcolm IV. David's successor, held the sceptre, may excuse the want of his coins, yet William has not this apology. No coins of David I. Malcolm IV. or William the Lion, are found, which are not ascribed to other princes by the best medalists; those of the last, in particular, belonging to William the Conqueror, only struck in Normady *.

The series from Alexander II. has not these difficulties to combat; and it is therefore from that king only that we shall date the commencement of Scottish coin. Nor is it any wonder that no money should be struck in that kingdom till so late a period, when its want of mines, and its distance from any country where silver, the only metal anciently used for coinage, is found, are attended to. Not to add, that the kingdom, by no means opulent when complete, was divided into different states, till the ninth century, when the Picts were subdued. Soon after that event, however, the money of England seems to have made a gradual progress into Scotland, as would appear from the different English coins of the Saxon and Norman princes there found: and prior to that period, all bargains must have been by exchange; and indeed long after among the poor, for the English cash was no doubt confined to the higher class.

From the English the people of Scotland derived, and now derive, most of their improvements; and, among

* In the succeeding abstract of Scottish coin, Ruddiman's preface to Anderson's Diplomata et Numismata Scotiæ, Edinburgi, 1739, folio, and Snelling on Scottish coin, London, 1776, 4to, have been the chief guides. The latter only lived to describe the silver coin; but has plates of the gold and bullion.

among others, are surely indebted to them for the example of their coin. The Scottish money indeed continued, as we know from authentic records, the very same with that of England in size and value till the time of David II. 1355, whose vast ransom drained the Scottish coin, and occasioned a diminution of size in the little left. Till this time it had been current in England upon the same footing with the money of that country *; and to preserve this equality, we have proof that, upon the diminution of the Scottish silver coin, Edward III. thought himself obliged in consequence to lessen the English †, that the par might last; a circumstance which would argue that the money of Scotland was frequent in his dominions.

That prince having first struck groats in 1354, Scotland immediately followed the same plan, the first being of David II.

After the ransom of David II. the Scottish coin gradually diminishing, in the first year of Robert III. it passed only for half its nominal value in England; and at length, in 1393, Richard II. ordered that it should only go for the weight of the genuine metal in it ‡. To close this point at once, the Scottish money, equal in value to the English till 1355, sunk by degrees, reign after reign, owing to succeeding public calamities, and the consequent impoverishment of the kingdom, till in 1600 it was only a twelfth part value of English money of the same denomination; and remained at that point till the union of the kingdoms cancelled the Scottish coinage. Having thus briefly discussed the comparative value of the Scottish money with the English, let us proceed to mention the several divisions of it.

To begin, therefore, with the *Silver*. Of Alexander II. who reigned till 1249, we have only pennies: but Edward I. of England in 1280, having coined halfpence and farthings, in addition to the pennies, till then the only coin, Alexander III. who succeeded Alexander II. and reigned till 1293, likewise coined halfpence; a few of which we have, but no farthings are found. The groat and half-groat introduced by David II. completed the denominations of silver money till the reign of Mary, when they all cease to be struck in silver: for about her time the price of silver was so increased, that they could no more be coined, except in billon of four parts copper and one silver; which had been practised by her predecessors James II. III. IV. and V. and was likewise at different times in the monies of her own reign ||.

In 1544, the second year of Mary, four marks Scottish were equal to one mark English, that is, Scottish money was a fourth of that of England. About 1550, shillings, or testoons, were first coined, bearing the bust of the queen, and the arms of France and Scotland on the reverse; they, being of the same intrinsic value as those of England, were then worth four shillings; the half-testoons two, Scottish money. Marks of 13s. 4d. Scottish were also struck, worth 3s. 4d. English. During the commotions of this reign, the coinage appears not to have been directed, as anciently, by acts of parliament, but by orders of privy council, and oftener, it would seem, by contract and immediate order of the queen. Hence the positive dates of some new kinds cannot

* See a rescript of Edward III. in Rymer, vol. V. p. 813.

† Rastal and Rymer. In the reign of David I. the ounce of silver was coined into 20 pennies; Robert I. 21 pennies; Robert III. 1393, 32 pennies, Stat. Robert III. c. 22.

‡ Stat. 1393, c. 1.

|| The reverend Mr Southgate has a full-faced penny of Mary in billon; which is very scarce.

cannot be fixed; yet it may safely be presumed, that about 1560 crown-pieces of silver, equal to the English, appeared and went for 25s. Scots, with the half, sometimes called the mark of 12s. 6d. Scots, and quarter of 6s. 3d. the coin being then as 1 to 5. But it is amazing with what rapidity the coin of Scotland declined in the course of a few years; for in 1565, by act of the privy council of that kingdom, the crown, weighing an ounce, went for 30s. Scottish; and lesser pieces of 20s. and 10s. were struck in proportion; so that the coin was to the English as 1 to 6. These pieces have the mark XXX, XX, X, upon them, to express their value *.

"In the time of James VI. 1571, the mark and half-mark Scottish were struck; the former being then worth about 22 pence, and the latter 11 pence, English.

"Upon these pieces the motto NEMO ME IMPUNE LÆDET was ordered, but does not appear. In 1578 the famous NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSET occurs first upon the coin; the same in sense with the other, but of a better sound. Its invention is ascribed to Buchanan: but Father Bouhours gives it to the Jesuit Petra Sancta †; though, from the perfectly similar motto ordered in 1571, and altered 1578, there is no doubt but Bouhours is mistaken, either from misinformation, or the paltry vanity of ascribing to his order the invention of this celebrated sentence. In 1582, as authorised by the contract entered into between the Earl of Morton, governor of Scotland, and Atkinson, then mint-master, dated in 1579, forty shillings Scottish went to the crown of an ounce, thence marked XL. In 1597, the crowns are marked L, Scottish money being then to the English as 1 to 10; and in 1601, LX is the last and highest mark of the crown, then worth 60s. Scottish, and the coin to that of England as 1 to 12, at which it continued ever after.

Thus silver, which in England had been tripled in value since William the Conqueror's time, the pound being then coined into 240 pennies, worth in ideal money 20 shillings, but now into 62 shillings, was in Scotland raised to 36 times its first price ‡.

The Scottish silver, coined after the union of the crowns, need hardly be pointed out. Charles I. struck half-marks, 40 pennies, and 20 pennies, marked $\frac{VI}{8}$, XL, and XX, behind the head; and Charles II. gave pieces of 4, 2, 1, and ½ mark Scottish, noted LIII. 4.—XXVI. 8.—XIII. 4.—VI. 8. in the centre of the reverses. In 1675 appeared Scottish dollars, of 56 shillings Scots, 4s. 8d. English, with half of 28s. quarter of 14s. eighth of 7s. sixteenth of 3s. 6d. all Scottish money. James VII. in 1686, published coins of 60, 40, 20, 10, 5 shillings Scottish, but only the 40s. and 10s. pieces are known, with 40 and 10 under the bust. William and Mary continued the same coins. Of Anne we have only the 10 and the 5, marked under the head with these figures, denoting their value. At the union of the kingdoms all the Scottish coin was called in, and recoined at Edinburgh, with the mark E under

* Between 1565 and 1567 must have been struck those pieces called Crookstone Dollars, which have Henry and Mary on one side, and a yew tree, DAT GLORIA VIRES, on the reverse, as I am told. They derive their name from Crookstone, an estate of the Lenox family, near Glasgow. I suspect they are only the common crowns of Mary and Henry.

† Les Entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugene. Ent. VI. *Les Devises*, Amst. 1708, p. 400.

‡ Mr Ruddiman strangely misunderstands and misrepresents Le Blanc's meaning, when he tells us that silver is diminished 40 times in value in France since the time of Charlemagne. Coin in France has gone through as degrading a revolution as in Scotland; a *solidus* of Charlemagne is worth 40 modern *sols*.

der the bust, to distinguish it; and since there has been no mint in Scotland.

"To close this account of the Scottish silver coin with a few unconnected remarks, it may be first observed, that the money of that country is equal to the cotemporary English, and often superior, in workmanship. This is owing indeed merely to the chance of employing superior artists. The coin of James V. in particular, is much better executed than that of Henry VIII. The groat of James V. in which he always appears with a side face, is a very good coin; as are the different pieces of Mary, particularly her testoons: but the fine crown of her and Henry Darnley, engraved in Anderson, is so very scarce that few have seen it. It is a pity that the portrait of this princess so seldom appears upon her money. The best heads of her are those upon the shillings, 1553, &c. and gold coins of equal size, mostly marked 1555, below the bust; which last are supposed to have passed for 3l. Scottish, being worth 15s. English of that time *.

There is a singular defect in the groats of Robert II. who succeeding David II. there is no alteration but of the name; the head, and every thing else, remaining the same in those of Robert as in them of David. A strange instance of the state of the arts in Scotland at that period! tho', if I mistake not, it is paralleled by the coin of England much later, for there are groats of the first year of Henry VIII. in which there is no alteration from those of his father but in the numeral. The great seals of the five first Jameses have similar absurdity, the portraits being the same, whatever minute alterations may be made otherwise."

[To be concluded in our next.]

PARTICULAR CONSEQUENCES *of Mr* ORDE'S *Irish Resolutions to the Landed, Manufacturing, and Trading Interest of Scotland; and* GENERAL CONSEQUENCES *of them to the British Empire. Edin. Creech.*

IN the present critical situation of this country, when its future welfare as a nation is dependant upon the determination of the parliament of Great Britain, with respect to the resolutions which have already received the sanction of the parliament of Ireland, we see with pleasure every publication which can serve to throw any light on so important a subject. It is therefore with particular satisfaction we announce the present performance, (which is said to be the production of Sir J. Dalrymple Baronet); and recommend it to the careful perusal of every well-wisher to his country. We regret that the limits of our work will not permit us to insert an extract: it would indeed be doing it injustice to separate one part from another, or to attempt to abridge it. Without aiming at elegance of expression, or endeavouring to impress the minds of men by vain declamation, it does a tale unfold, which it would well become every inhabitant of this country seriously to consider. N.

An APOLOGY *for the* LIFE *of* GEORGE ANN BELLAMY, *late of Covent-Garden Theatre. Written by Herself.* 5 *vols.*

MRS BELLAMY's mother was the daughter of an emiment farmer in Kent, whose name was *Seal*. He was one of the people called

* Slender sharp features, and the nose of an elegant aquiline, distinguish all the coins and genuine paintings of Mary.

called Quakers; and dying young and intestate, the whole of his effects fell into the hands of his widow, who married a second husband of the name of Busby; a man of *supposed* property, but in fact so involved in debt, that Mrs Busby, not having taken the necessary precautions to secure a maintenance for herself and daughter, was left destitute of support. She therefore accepted of the offer of Mrs Godfrey *, sister to the Duke of Marlborough, to take her daughter under her protection. By her she was placed at a boarding-school in Queen-square with her own daughter. Here she attracted the notice of Lord Tyrawley; and being young and inexperienced, more under the influence of the *flesh* than the *spirit*, she eloped from school, and leaving the protection of her kind patroness, sought for happiness in the arms of her lover. Her noble admirer, however, proving false, they parted; and she went on the stage in Ireland, where she continued for several years, till on some disagreement between her and the proprietors, she left that kingdom, and formed the strange resolution of following Lord T—— to Lisbon. She was received by him with open arms; but having, prior to her arrival, formed a connection with a lady of that country, and not caring to inform Miss Seal of it, he placed her in the family of an English merchant. In this family she became acquainted with Captain Bellamy; who having in vain solicited her to accept his hand, at length informed her of his Lordship's connection. Rage and resentment supplied the place of affection; and she immediately married Mr Bellamy, and set sail with him for Ireland.

In a few months after the arrival of the Captain and his new-married Lady at the place of their destination, to the inexpressible astonishment and dissatisfaction of the former, "(says our author), I made my appearance on this habitable globe on St George's day 1733, some months too soon for Captain Bellamy to claim any degree or consanguinity with me. My birth, however, so exasperated him, that he left the kingdom, and never saw or corresponded with my mother afterwards."

Lord Tyrawley, though greatly displeased at Miss Seal's sudden departure from Lisbon, nevertheless wrote to a friend in Ireland to request, if she proved pregnant in time, to consider the child as his, and to take care of it as soon as born, without, if possible, suffering the mother to see it. Agreeably to these instructions, our Author was put to nurse till she was two years old; and at the age of four, was placed in a convent at Boulogne, for her education, where she continued till she attained her eleventh year. On her arrival at Dover, she was met by a per-

* Of this Lady Mrs Bellamy tells a very extraordinary story, which has been considered as fabulous. In defence, however, of her veracity on this occasion, we shall add, that she has no less an authority for the truth of her account than the present Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, who relates the fact in these words:—A certain Lady was ill; and her husband "being very fond of her, constantly attended her. On a *Sunday* morning, about the time "of going to church, her other attendants declared her to be *dead*, and were going to prepare the body for the funeral. This the husband would not permit; and determined to "watch the corpse himself, till some farther alteration gave him infallible proof of death. "The next *Sunday* morning he perceived his wife to stir and breathe. In a little time, "finding her in her perfect senses, he observed to her, that she had slept a long time. She "replied, 'Not long; for I heard the bells ringing for church before I dropt asleep, and "they have not done ringing yet.' She was afterwards the mother of a family, who "can still give testimony of the fact."—*Farther Observations on the Doctrine of an intermediate State, in answer to the Rev. Dr Morton's Queries. By Peter Pickard, M. A.* 8vo. 1757. p. 32.

For another story of the same kind, see Mrs Bellamy's Apology, Vol. I. p. 163.

person who had been a domestic of his Lordship's, but now lived in St James's-street, and with whom she was to reside till his Lordship's return from Portugal, which was daily expected. On his arrival he received her in the tenderest manner, and soon took her to a little box which he had hired in Bushy Park. Here she was introduced to my Lord's company, which consisted chiefly of the witty and the gay, and soon became the object of admiration. My Lord soon after being appointed ambassador to Russia, she was left under the care of a lady of quality, with an express prohibition against seeing her mother, with an annual allowance of 100 l. Allured by this bait, her mother, who had married again, and whose husband, after stripping her, had left her, prevailed upon her to quit her protectress and come to live with her. To this imprudent step, tho' the result of filial affection, and as such pardonable, Mrs Bellamy attributes the subsequent errors and misfortunes of her life.

In consequence of this, her allowance was not only stopped, but she was totally abandoned by Lord Tyrawley. Soon after, Mr Rich of Covent-Garden theatre having by accident heard her repeat some passages in Othello, engaged her as a performer at that theatre. At the time of entering into this agreement she was only 14; "of a figure (we adopt her own words) not inelegant, a powerful voice, light as the gossamer, of inexhaustible spirits, and possessed of some humour." Monimia was fixed on for her first appearance, much against the opinion of Mr Quin, who, after a smart altercation with Mr Rich on the subject, told her, in his usual way, "*Child*, I would advise you to play Serina, before you think of playing Monimia." To which she pertly replied, "If I did, Sir, I should never live to play the Orphan."

Notwithstanding this opposition, Mr Rich *persevered* in his opinion. But when the curtain drew up, her spirits failed her; and notwithstanding the repeated plaudits she received, she stood for some time like a statue, deprived both of memory and voice. The curtain was dropt till she could recover herself. She appeared again; but neither the persuasion of the manager nor the encouragement of the audience could rouse her from her stupidity till the fourth act, when, to the astonishment of the audience, the surprize of the performers, and the exultation of the manager, she felt herself suddenly inspired, and acquitted herself throughout the whole of this most difficult part of the character with the greatest eclat. Even Quin was *so fascinated* (as he expressed himself), that when she came off, he caught her from the ground in a transport, and exclaimed aloud, "Thou art a divine creature, and the true spirit is in thee;" and from that instant became her zealous friend; gave her a general invitation to the suppers he usually gave four times a-week; and having inquired into her mother's character and circumstances, inclosed a bank-bill in a blank cover, and sent it her by the Penny-Post. Many are the instances recorded in these Volumes of that gentleman's generous, though sometimes eccentric, conduct.

In this public situation she unavoidably had many professed admirers, among whom Lord Byron and Mr Metham stood foremost; but as she would not listen to any but honourable proposals and a coach, Mr Metham honestly told her, he could not comply with the first, as he depended on his father, whose consent he could not hope to obtain; and as for the latter, he could not afford it. Lord Byron, whose vanity was hurt at her rejecting him, contrived a plan to be revenged; in consequence of which the

the Earl of ——, a friend of his Lordſhip's, one Sunday evening call-ed to inform her that a Miſs B——, an intimate of hers, was in a coach at the bottom of Southampton-ſtreet, and wiſhed to ſpeak to her; when, on her going to the coach-door, ſhe was ſuddenly hoiſted into it by his Lordſhip, and carried off by force. From this *Platonic* Peer our fair Proſerpine eſcaped *unaccountably* by the ſudden apparition of her brother, and was ſafely lodged at her own mantua-maker's, in Broad-ſtreet. From hence ſhe wrote to her mother; who, on the ſuppoſition of her having been conſenting to the elopement, return-ed her letters unopened. Thus a-bandoned by her mother, and too much depreſſed by the public ſcandal to attempt a re-inſtatement in the theatrical line, the anguiſh of her mind brought on a fever, which had nearly proved fatal, but which her youth and conſtitution at length got the better of. On her recovery, ſhe went on a viſit to ſome of her rela-tions at Brain-tree, where ſhe was conſidered as one of the elect, and but for an unlucky diſcovery by the famous Zachary Moore, might have become a choſen veſſel, but by this means was again expoſed to be buf-feted by Satan. After this romantic adventure, ſhe was reſtored to her mo-ther's favour, returned to town, and engaged with Mr Sheridan (1745), who was then in London raiſing theatrical recruits. The account of her journey to Dublin is humour-ous. On her arrival there, ſhe, in conſequence of her being acknow-ledged by Mrs O'Hara, Lord Ty-rawley's ſiſter, as her niece, was pa-tronized by ſeveral ladies of diſtinc-tion: this part of her apology is rich in theatrical anecdote. In Ireland ſhe continued for two ſeaſons, and became acquainted with a Mr Crump, on whoſe account ſhe ſuffered much perſecution at a future period. On her return to England, ſhe renewed her acquaintance with Quin, and her engagement at Covent-Garden (1748), where ſhe was again diſturb-ed by Lord Byron and a Mr Bul-lock. She now made her firſt ap-pearance in comedy, in the character of Lady Froth in the Double Dealer. One evening, after playing Alicia, Mr Quin introduced her to Lord Tyrawley in the ſcene-room, when a perfect reconciliation took place be-tween them. About this time ſhe gave way to that predilection which from her firſt knowledge of him ſhe had entertained for Mr now Sir George Metham, whom, ſhe ſays, ſhe now conſidered as her future huſ-band. My Lord Tyrawley, having joined his intereſt to her mother's in favour of Mr Crump, who wiſhed to marry her, and having one day pe-remptorily inſiſted on her compliance, this haſtened a meaſure to which ſhe was not very averſe; and the ſame evening, in the beginning of the fifth act of the Provoked Wife, in which ſhe played Lady Fanciful, Mr Me-tham carried her off from behind the ſcenes, and left Mr Quin to apolo-gize to the audience. With Mr Me-tham ſhe retired to York, where ſhe remained till ſhe was delivered of a ſon. In conſequence of an offer the enſuing ſeaſon of an engagement, ſhe, at Mr Metham's perſuaſion, much againſt her own inclination, returned to town, where ſhe was received by the public with their uſual indulgence (September 1750). The connec-tion between her and Mr Metham continued uninterrupted for ſome years, till at length the dæmon of jealouſy having got poſſeſſion of his mind, he behaved, at an entertain-ment given by her in commemoration of his birth-day, ſo outrageouſly be-fore the whole company, that a quar-rel, and, in conſequence of a raſh vow, ſeparation enſued.

Mr Calcraft, who was one of the party,

party, artfully contrived to widen the breach, and by a series of manœuvres prevailed on her (by the interposition of a Mr Gansell, at whose house she was on a visit, and who was the dupe of Mr Calcraft's art), after a variety of struggles, to consent to live with him, under a promise of his marrying her in the course of six or seven years, though he was at that time married. Soon after, she discovered the artifices that had been employed to induce her to take this step; and in consequence of it Mr Calcraft, to whom she never was much attached, became so disagreeable to her, that though they continued under the same roof, they lived very unhappily. Mr Calcraft's parsimony, to call it by no harsher name, of which she has given some striking instances, ill suited her unbounded generosity, which more than bordered on extravagance, and did not contribute to reconcile differences. His meanness (which, if the picture be not much too highly coloured, was in the extreme) produced in her a settled contempt, which terminated, after being together about eight years, in a final separation. During this period the author had two children by him; and though she was almost constantly engaged, and her emoluments at the theatre were very considerable, she at the time of their parting was deeply involved, notwithstanding Mr C—'s repeated promises to liquidate all her debts; in consequence of which she gave up her jewels to the amount of 6000 l.

After her separation from Mr Calcraft, she formed a connection with Mr Digges in Ireland; who being as much embarrassed as herself, she experienced a variety of distress in the two years she lived with him; at the expiration of which they parted, owing to a former wife's resurrection. Of Mr Digges's behaviour to her she speaks, however, in the highest terms. After this we find her again engaged in England (1767), but perpetually in difficulties, till at length she was obliged to apply to Count Haslang the Bavarian ambassador for his protection, which he politely and readily granted; notwithstanding which she was arrested at the suit of a Mrs Ray, and obliged to take up her residence for some time in St George's Fields. After she had recovered her liberty, she lived with the late Mr Woodward till his decease (1777), who by will left the chief of his property in trust to his executors, to purchase an annuity for her during her life. From this bequest, whether owing to the chicanery of an attorney, or what other cause we know not, she reaped little or no benefit, and was at length, after an accumulation of misery, reduced to the dreadful determination of putting a period to her misfortunes and existence together (1780). From the execution of this rash resolution she was prevented by a fortuitous circumstance; and her place of abode having been discovered by some friends, on their bounty she has since subsisted, and still lives in hopes of profiting sooner or latter by Mr Woodward's bequest.

Few people have met with more vicissitudes in life than Mrs Bellamy, or greater instances of ingratitude: a kind of fatality seems to have pursued her, which may, however, without ill nature, frequently be found to have originated in her own imprudence. We hope, however, that experience will have taught her that saving, though dear bought, knowledge, which may enable her to pass the remainder of her days, if not in affluence, at least in ease.

Europ. Mag.

PRI-

PHILOSOPHICAL RHAPSODIES. *Fragments of* AKBUR *of* BETLIS; *containing Reflections on the Laws, Manners, Customs, and Religions, of certain Asiatic, African, and European Nations, collected and now first published by* RICHARD JOSEPH SULLIVAN, *Esq*; 3 vols, 8vo. *London*, T. BECKET.

THE work now before us, we are told in an advertisement prefixed, was written by a native of Assyria, who in very early youth was removed to the continent of Europe, and thence to England.

The learned reader will be disappointed, if he expects to find in this production deep research or abstruse speculation: but we may venture to promise him, what will please the generality of mankind better, the simple unadorned reflections of a benevolent man, which breathe a spirit of philanthropy and humanity, that do honour to the heart of the author.

It is impossible for us to follow him through the various countries which are the subjects of his reflections. We shall, however, as a specimen of his style of writing, select the following extract; which we flatter ourselves will afford some amusement to our readers.

"Disappointed as Mohammedans must be in even *sensual* gratifications, they are still farther from the certainty of fidelity in their females than other more liberal nations are, who glory in the confidence they can place in the partners of their bosoms. No repositories of love ever afforded more genuine intrigue than harams or seraglios: they are the constant theatres of human frailty. Similar distress creates similar commiseration. The devoted fair ones feel for each other: they plan in concert; and, when least suspected, licentiously indulge themselves under the cloak and through the connivance of their own or of a confederate community.

"The haram, in all Mussulman countries, is, it must be confessed, unbounded in its influence. It is the seat of politics, the stage of negociation; and were it to be inquired where female interest was probably most prevalent, it safely might be answered,—in the seraglio of a Mohammedan; and the reason is evident. Men, it is true, are debarred, but women are not prevented visiting each other. Under the privilege which is thus allowed them, they freely communicate and open their hearts to each other; moments of dalliance afterwards furnish them with the ready means of acquiring information from their respective lords. Thus informed, they resolve upon the weightiest measures of the state; and, like a synod of divinities, control those very men who, in pride of soul, conceive themselves their rulers. Viziers, ministers, generals, admirals, all have their several cabals and parties within the sacred confines of the haram.

"The seraglio is moreover the place in which a voluptuous Mohammedan passes the greatest part of his time: it is the place in which he has imbibed the earliest rudiments of his education. This mode of instructing youth must undoubtedly be considered as one very principal cause of the great influence of the haram, which we have represented as irresistible. Men brought up under the eye and under the discipline of women, and impressed by them with soft and indolent ideas, readily acquiesce in surrendering to their gentle chains. The child of effeminacy, how can the riper age of man be otherwise than emasculate? All of us are but the creatures of one kind of fashioning or another: taught to speak—we are likewise taught to think. Scarce any

any man acts from his own ideas. Of that which is sown, that do we reap.

"We are told, indeed, of most sumptuous apartments; of tapestry, brocades, and costly furniture; of baths and grottos; gold-spangled floors; and perfumes that outvie the sweet fragrance of the groves. But, in all my journeying, and in all my inquiries, my evil genius hath fated me to observe a very different complection in the dwellings destined for the ladies. So far from being commodious, their rooms are invariably small and gloomy; and, for one that I have seen or heard of, tolerably convenient—I have counted 50, at a moderate computation, scarcely adequate to the hovelling of any being of the human species.

"The whole of the seraglio pile, indeed, is dismal. Dead walls and iron bars, are the securities against outward intruders. Sooty and deformed monsters, on the inside, are the guardians of the chastity of the wretched inmates. Whence, then, can we suppose the society of the haram to be lively, happy, and entertaining? Let the female, in an equal degree with the male sex, be acknowledged adepts in the beautiful writings of Persia and of Arabia; let their imaginations be full of fire—their talents brilliant—in short, let them be possessed of every natural and acquired improvement; yet where is that liberty that gives the zest to all? O freedom, how dearly must thou be regretted! Sweetly ye may sing, ye heart-bleeding captives of oppression; but liberty debarred must be the long-echoing close to every strain that you can warble. God help you!"

We are sorry our limits will not allow us to make further extracts from this entertaining performance. We take the liberty to recommend it as well worthy the perusal of every person who wishes well to humanity, and who can enjoy thoughts and reflections of a worthy man in their simple and unadorned garb.

L.

DIALOGUES *concerning the Ladies. To which is added,* An ESSAY *on the* ANCIENT AMAZONS. *London. T. Cadell.*

THE ladies are under many obligations to this author, who has been at infinite pains both to instruct them, and to place them in an amiable point of view. We are not certain, however, that the form in which he has chosen to deliver his thoughts to the public, is well calculated to do justice to his subject; at least the manner in which he has treated it is very far from coming up to our ideas of dialogue-writing. To keep up the attention, a degree of sprightliness and ease is absolutely necessary, in which the work before us seems to be totally deficient; the speeches are too long, and not sufficiently diversified, and we are persuaded he would have pleased more had he rather thrown his thoughts into the form of essays, as he has done in the Essay on the Amazons at the end.

On the whole, however, the book has merit; and we can safely recommend it to the fair sex as very proper for their perusal. As a specimen of the work, we have extracted the following, being part of the 3d dialogue.

"MR ALTHORPE. It is not a little amusing to read the different characters that different writers have given of women. By some they are represented as angels, and by others spoken of in terms extremely contemptuous. I yesterday read, in a cele-

celebrated dramatic performance, the following lines:

> 'O woman, lovely woman! Nature made
> 'you
> 'To temper man; we had been brutes
> 'without you.
> 'Angels are painted fair to look like you:
> 'There's in you all that we believe of
> 'Heav'n,
> 'Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
> 'Eternal joys, and everlasting love.'

The very same day I met with another character of the ladies, in a strain extremely dissimilar, written by a grave divine of the sixteenth century; which I thought sufficiently curious to transcribe, and which, if you please, I will read to you.

" SIR CHARLES PAGET. By all means, sir, let us hear it.

" MR ALTHORPE. It is as follows: 'Women,' says the writer, 'are of two sorts. Some of them 'are wiser, better learned, discreeter, 'and more constant, than a number 'of men. But another, and a worse 'sort of them, and THE MOST PART, 'are fond, foolish, wanton, flibber-'gibs, tatlers, triflers, wavering, 'witless, without counsel, feeble, 'careless, rash, proud, dainty, nice, 'tale-bearers, eves-droppers, rumour-'raisers, evil-tongued, worse-minded, 'and in every respect doltified with 'the dregs of the devil's dunghill.'

" LADY PAGET. Pray, Sir, who is it to whom the ladies are indebted for this admirable portrait?

" MR ALTHORPE. To Dr John Aylmer, Madam, who was made bishop of London by queen Elizabeth.

" LADY PAGET. That haughty princess, I should imagine, could not have been very well pleased with this description of her sex.

" MR ALTHORPE. Dr Aylmer, Madam, divided the ladies in two classes; and your ladyship may be assured, that the queen was ranked in the first and best class.

" SIR CHARLES. Of that there can be no doubt; and I think the prelate, of whom you speak, seems to have been rather a favourite of queen Elizabeth. I remember one instance is recorded of his courtly gallantry, which our present bishops would probably not be very fond of imitating. The queen was greatly afflicted with the toothach, but notwithstanding her reputation for spirit, was so much afraid of the pain that she apprehended would result from having a tooth drawn, that she could not be prevailed upon to consent to the operation. Bishop Aylmer, who was present, in order to encourage her majesty, sat down in a chair, and directed the tooth-drawer to draw one of his teeth. This being accordingly done, and the queen, seeing the good humour with which the bishop underwent the operation, was thereby induced herself to submit to it.

" MR ALTHORPE. Bishop Aylmer seems, upon the whole, to have been a curious character. Mr Strype, I remember, says of him, that " he " was a man of metal, and could use " his hands well;" and also that " he " was a man of his arms, and would " not turn his back for any man."

" SIR CHARLES. I recollect that Bishop Aylmer, though his sentiments of the ladies were not very favourable, was a zealous opponent of John Knox, in defence of female government.

" MR ALTHORPE. He was, Sir Charles; and this might probably recommend him to the favour of queen Elizabeth.

" LADY PAGET. What was the occasion, Sir, that gave rise to the controversy which you mention concerning female government?

" MR ALTHORPE. Mr Knox, Madam, being a zealous Protestant, had naturally a great dislike to Queen Mary, who then reigned in England; as he had also to Mary of Lorrain, the queen-regent of Scotland. He therefore wrote a book, intitled, " The " first blast of the trumpet against " the monstrous regimen of women;" in which he endeavoured to prove, that

that it was againſt nature, and contrary to Scripture and to reaſon, to intruſt women with the government of ſtates or kingdoms. After the acceſſion of Elizabeth, Dr Aylmer wrote an anſwer to Knox's book. Knox, however, ſtill maintained the truth of his general doctrine with great firmneſs; but as he was no enemy to the new queen of England, he admitted, in a letter to ſecretary Cecil, that God might have "*miraculouſly* comforted his afflicted people by ſuch an INFIRM VESSEL" as Elizabeth; and in a letter to the queen herſelf, he told her, that he "glorified God for that reſt granted "to his afflicted flock within England, under her, a WEAK INSTRUMENT." But theſe conceſſions did not ſatisfy Elizabeth. She could not endure a man who had maintained, that it was unnatural, and abſurd, and impious, for women in any country to be intruſted with the government of ſtates and kingdoms. She, therefore, peremptorily refuſed to grant permiſſion to Knox even to paſs through England.

"LADY PAGET. I think the queen was ſomewhat too vindictive upon this occaſion. I have heard that her majeſty, though far from handſome, took great pleaſure in being commended for her beauty.

"MR ALTHORPE. She did, Madam; and, indeed, it was ſo well known that Elizabeth was fond of being thought handſome even to the cloſe of her life, that ſhe was frequently complimented upon her perſonal charms by her courtiers, and even by foreign ambaſſadors, when ſhe was nearly approaching to her ſeventieth year.

"SIR CHARLES. Queen Elizabeth was a woman, in whom conſiderable abilities, and great vigour of mind, were united to great weakneſſes. It is ſomewhat remarkable, that one of the ſevereſt characters which has appeared of this celebrated princeſs, was written by a female hiſtorian. Mrs Macaulay Graham ſays, that the good fortune of Elizabeth is "in nothing more conſpicuous, than "in the unmerited fame it has to this "day preſerved to her." She adds, that "the vices of this princeſs were "ſuch as could not exiſt with a good "heart, nor her weakneſſes with a "good head."

"MR ALTHORPE. Queen Elizabeth was fond of being thought handſome when ſhe was very old, and had totally loſt that ſhare of beauty of which ſhe had been once poſſeſſed; but there have been ſome ladies, who have really preſerved a great degree of beauty to a very advanced age. Of this Ninon de L'Enclos was a remarkable inſtance; as was alſo Diana of Poictiers, ducheſs of Valentinois, miſtreſs to Henry II. king of France. This lady was at leaſt forty years of age when the French monarch, who was only eighteen, became deſperately in love with her. She was near ſixty at the time of that prince's death; but ſhe always preſerved the ſame dominion over his heart. He wore her livery, which was black and white, at the tournament in which he was mortally wounded. It is ſaid of her, that ſhe was never ill; and that in the coldeſt weather ſhe waſhed her face with ſpring-water, and never uſed any ſort of pomatum. She rode every morning at ſix o'clock, often took a ride of about a league or two, and then returned and went to bed, where ſhe read till noon. She was a patroneſs of men of letters. She died in her ſixty-ſeventh year. Brantome, who ſaw her about ſix months before, ſays, that ſhe was then ſo handſome, that "no heart of adamant could "have been inſenſible to her charms."

What would be the conſequence if the ladies were generally ſo handſome, and preſerved their beauty ſo long? L.

[*The following Story, published lately in France, is universally acknowledged to be the production of* Montesquieu. *We hope the traslation will be acceptable to many of our Readers.*]

ARSACES AND ISMENIA. AN ORIENTAL STORY.

By M. de MONTESQUIEU.

Advertisement by the French Editor.

M. de Montesquieu had taken great pains to fix the limits which separate despotism from pure monarchy, which appeared to him the natural government of the French: But as monarchy is always in danger of degenerating into despotism, he wished, if it were possible, to render despotism itself useful. For this purpose he has given us the most delightful picture of a Despot who makes his people happy: He perhaps flattered himself, that some time or other, while reading his work, a prince, a queen, or a minister, might wish to resemble Arsaces, Ismenia, or Aspar; or to be themselves the models of a picture still more beautiful.

Besides, a number of men may be either despots or kings in their families, in their societies, in their different employments: we may all profit by a perusal of the Spirit of Laws and of this work.

The author saw the power which the ladies now possess over the thoughts of men: to secure himself disciples, he has endeavoured to render the masters favourable: he has spoken the language which is most agreeable to them and most familiar: he has written a romance: he has described love such as he felt it; impetuous, seldom melancholy, often sportful.

ABOUT the end of the reign of Artamenes, Bactria was agitated by civil discords. This prince died overwhelmed with vexation, and left his throne to his daughter Ismenia: Aspar, the first eunuch of the palace, had the chief direction of affairs. He had the interest of the state much at heart, and he was regardless of power. He knew mankind, and was an excellent judge of events. His genius was formed by nature for conciliation, and his mind seemed to court an alliance with every other mind. Peace, of which they had despaired, was re-established. Such was the ascendant of Aspar, every one returned to his duty, and scarcely knew he had violated it. Without labour and without noise he could execute great schemes.

The peace was disturbed by the King of Hyrcania. He sent ambassadors to ask Ismenia in marriage; and being refused, invaded Bactria. This invasion was singular. Sometimes he appeared in complete armour, and ready to combat his enemies; at other times he was seen dressed like a lover ready to wait upon his mistress. He brought with him every thing proper for a wedding; dancers, musicians, players, cooks, eunuchs, women; and he brought with him a formidable army. He wrote the most tender letters to the Queen; and on the other hand he ravaged her whole country: One day was employed in feasts, another in military expeditions. Never before had so complete an image of war and peace at the same time been displayed; never so much dissipation and so much discipline. One village was flying from the cruelty of the conqueror; another was full of joy, banquetings, and dances: And, by a strange caprice, he fought for two things that are incompatible; to make himself feared, and to make himself loved. He was neither feared nor loved. An army was opposed to him; and a single battle decided the war. A soldier newly arrived in the army of the Bactrians performed prodigies of valour; he pierced to the very spot where the King of Hyrcania was fighting bravely, and took him prisoner. He delivered him over to an officer, and, without telling his name, was going to retire into the ranks; but, followed with acclamations, he was conducted as in triumph to the general's tent. He appeared before him with a noble assurance; he spoke modestly of the exploit he had performed. The general offered him rewards; he was insensible to them: He wished to load him with honours; he appeared accustomed to them.

Aspar judged that such a man could not be of ordinary birth. He made him be brought to court; and when he saw him there, he was still more confirmed in his opinion. His presence struck him with admiration; the very sadness which appeared in his countenance inspired him with respect; he praised his valour, and addressed him in the most flattering terms. "My Lord," says the stranger to him, "pardon a wretch, whom the horror of his situation renders almost incapable of feeling your goodness, still more of answering it." His eyes were filled with tears, and the eunuch was moved at it. "Be my friend," says he to

him, "since you are unfortunate. There was a time in which I admired you, now I love you. I would wish to console you; I would wish you to make use of my reason and of your own. Accept of an apartment in my palace; he who inhabits it loves virtue, and you will not be a stranger there."

The next day was a festival over all Bactria. The Queen issued from her palace, followed by all her court. She appeared seated on her chariot in the midst of an immense multitude of her people. A veil covered her face, but allowed her charming shape to be seen; and her features, though concealed, appeared as if displayed to the love of her people.

She descended from her chariot, and entered the temple. The nobles of Bactria surrounded her. She kneeled, and adored the gods in silence; then she raised her veil, composed herself, and pronounced aloud:

"Immortal gods, the Queen of Bactria comes to thank you for the victory you have granted her. Crown your favours by not permitting her to abuse it; cause her to have neither passions, nor weaknesses, nor caprice; let all her fears be to commit evil, all her hopes to do good. And since she cannot be happy,"—said she, with a voice which seemed interrupted with tears, "at least bestow happiness upon her people."

The priests ended the ceremonies prescribed for the worship of the gods; the Queen went out of the temple, mounted her chariot, and the people followed her even to the palace.

A little after Aspar went home, he asked for the stranger, and found him buried in the deepest melancholy. He seated himself beside him, and having made every body withdraw, "I conjure you," says he, "to open yourself to me: Do you think that a distressed heart feels no pleasure in intrusting another with its woes? It is as if we reposed ourselves in a place more tranquil." "It would be necessary," says the stranger, "to relate to you all the events of my life."—— "'Tis what I ask of you," replied Aspar; "you will speak to a man not devoid of sensibility: Conceal nothing from me; every thing is important in the eyes of friendship."

It was not tenderness alone and a sentiment of pity which excited the curiosity of Aspar; he wished to attach this extraordinary man to the court of Bactria; he wished to know thoroughly a man whom he already found fitted to accomplish his designs, and whom he destined in his mind for the greatest affairs.

The stranger recollected himself for a moment, and began thus:

"Love has made all the happiness and all the misery of my life. In the beginning it was strewed with mingled pains and pleasures; it has left in the end only tears, complaints, and despair. I was born in Media, and I can number a long train of illustrious ancestors. My father gained great victories at the head of the Median armies. I lost him in my infancy, and those who had the care of my education made me regard his virtues as the best part of my inheritance.

"At the age of fifteen my establishment was formed. They did not give me that prodigious number of women, with which people of my birth are commonly loaded in Media; they wished to follow nature, and to teach me, that, if the wants of the senses were bounded, those of the heart were still more.

"*Ardasire* was not more distinguished from my other women by her rank than by my love. She had a haughtiness mingled with something so tender; her sentiments were so noble, so different from those which an eternal complaisance inspires into the hearts of the women of Asia; she possessed besides, such ravishing beauty, that my eyes never saw any but her, and my heart was a stranger to all others.

"Her looks were enchanting; her shape, her air, her graces, the tone of her voice, the charms of her conversation, every thing captivated me: I wished always to hear her; I never tired of seeing her. For me there was nothing so perfect in nature; my imagination could paint nothing which I did not find in her; and when I thought upon the highest pitch of human felicity, I always beheld my own.

"My birth, my riches, my age, and some personal advantages, determined the King to give me his daughter. It is an inviolable custom among the Medes, that those who receive an honour of this kind must send away all their women. I saw nothing in this great alliance but the loss of what I reckoned most dear; but it was necessary for me to devour my tears and display gaiety. While all the court congratulated me on a favour, which it prized as the highest, Ardasire never asked to see me; and I, for my part, both dreaded her presence and sought for it. I went into her apartment; I was in despair. Ardasire, said I, I love you.—— But without either caresses or reproaches, without lifting her eyes, without dropping a tear, she preserved a profound silence; a deadly paleness overspread her countenance, and I perceived a kind of indignation mingled with despair.

"I wished to embrace her; she seemed insensible; and I could perceive no other emotion in her than a wish to escape from my arms.

"It was not the fear of death which made me accept the princess; and, had I not trembled for Ardasire, I would doubtless have exposed myself to the most dreadful vengeance. But when I represented to myself, that my refusal would be infallibly followed by

by her death, my mind was confounded, and I abandoned myself to my misfortune.

"I was conducted into the King's palace, and was no longer allowed to go out of it. I beheld that place formed for the humiliation of numbers, and the pleasures of only one; that place where, in spite of silence, the sighs of love are scarcely ever heard; that place where melancholy and magnificence reign together; where every thing inanimate assumes a smile, and every thing which lives is gloomy; where every thing moves along with the master, and every thing is dull with him.

"I was presented the same day to the Princess; her eyes might wander over my whole person, while I was not allowed to lift up mine. Strange effect of grandeur! If her eyes spoke, mine could not answer. Two eunuchs attended, with each a poinard in his hand, prepared to expiate with my blood the audacity of looking at her.

"How severe for a heart like mine, to carry to my bed the slavery of the court suspended betwixt contemptuous pride and caprice; to indulge no other sentiment but that of reverence, and to lose even the consolation of servitude, the pleasure of loving and being loved!

"But what was my situation, when one of the eunuchs of the Princess came to make me sign the order which dismissed all my women from the palace! Sign, said he to me; feel all the graciousness of this order: I will inform the Princess how ready you were to obey her. My face was covered with tears; I had begun to write, and I stopped: In the name of the gods, said I to the eunuch, grant me a moment's delay, or I die. ——My Lord, said he, your head must answer for it as well as mine.—Sign: We begin already to be guilty; they are counting the moments; already should I be on my return. My trembling or rapid hand (for my senses had abondoned me) traced the most fatal characters which I could form. My women were carried off the evening of my marriage: But Ardasire, who had gained over one of my eunuchs, concealed a slave of her own figure and appearance beneath her veils and clothes, and hid herself in secret. She had told the eunuch that she wished to retire among the priestesses of the gods.

"The spirit of Ardasire was too high to allow her to think that a law which, without any reason, robbed lawful wives of their state in society, was ever made for her: The abuse of power could never make her reverence power: She appealed from this tyranny to nature; from her weakness she appealed to her despair.

"The marriage was celebrated in the palace. I carried the Princess home with me. There concerts, dances, feasts, every thing seemed to express a joy, which my heart was far from feeling.

"Night being come, all the court left us. The eunuchs led the Princess to her chamber.—Alas! it was that where I had so often poured forth my soul to Ardasire. I retired to mine full of rage and despair.

"The moment fixed for my attending the Princess arrived. I entered into that gallery, almost unknown in my own house, through which love had so often conducted me. I walked in the dark alone, melancholy, pensive, when all at once I discovered a light: Ardasire, a poinard in her hand, stood before me. Arsaces, said she, go tell your new spouse that I die here; tell her that I have disputed your heart even to the last sigh. She was going to strike; I held her hand. Ardasire, exclaimed I, what a dreadful spectacle were you about to exhibit!——And spreading my arms, Begin by striking him who has first yielded to a barbarous law. I saw her grow pale, and the poinard dropped from her hands. I embraced her, and I do not know by what charm my mind seemed to grow calm. I held this dear object in my arms; I gave myself up entirely to the pleasure of loving; I forgot every thing, even my misfortunes; I was now possessed of Ardasire, and I thought I never again could lose her. Strange effect of love! My heart warmed, and my mind became tranquil.

"The words of Ardasire recalled me to myself. Arsaces, said she, let us quit this fatal spot; let us fly:—What do we fear? We know how to love and how to die.—Ardasire, said I, I swear that you shall ever be mine; you shall be as if you had never been torn from my arms; I will never leave you. I call the gods to witness, that you alone shall form the happiness of my life. The design you propose is generous; love had inspired me with it; it again inspires me with it through you; you shall now see whether I love you.

"I left her; and full of impatience and love, I went every where to give my orders. The door of the Princess's apartment was shut. I took all the gold and jewels I could carry off. I made my slaves take different roads, and departed alone with Ardasire in the horrors of the night; hoping every thing, dreading every thing; sometimes losing my natural boldness, a prey to every passion in its turn, sometimes even to remorse, ignorant whether I followed my duty, or love which made me forget it.

"I will not detain you with the many dangers to which we were exposed. Ardasire, spite of the weakness of her sex, encouraged me; she was fatigued to death, and continued to follow me. I shunned the presence of men; for every man was now be-

[b]ecome my enemy: I fought only the deserts. I arrived among those mountains, the range of lions and tigers. The presence of these animals restored my courage. It is not here, said I to Ardasire, that the eunuchs of the Princess, and the guards of the King of Media, will come to seek us.—But the wild beasts soon multiplied to such a degree, that I began to be afraid. I shot dead with my arrows those which approached too near: For, instead of burdening myself with the necessaries of life, I had provided arms which could supply me with them every where. Pressed on all sides, I struck fire with flints; I kindled dry wood; I passed the night near these fires, and made a noise with my arms. Sometimes I set fire to the forests, and drove the terrified animals before me. I entered into a more open country, and admired that vast silence of nature. It recalled to my imagination that period in which the gods were born, and beauty first appeared; in which love cherished it, and all nature became animated.

"At length we passed the confines of Media. It was amid the tents of shepherds that I thought myself the master of the world: There I could say that Ardasire was really mine, and that I was hers.

"We arrived in Margiana; our slaves there rejoined us. There we lived in the fields, far from the world and its bustle. Charmed with one another, we discoursed of our present pleasures, and of our past pains.

"Ardasire related to me what had been her sentiments during the time we had been torn from each other: her jealousy, when she thought I loved her no more; her grief, when she saw that I loved her still; her fury against a barbarous law, her resentment at me for submitting to it. She had at first conceived the design of sacrificing the Princess to her vengeance; she had rejected this idea. She would have been pleased in dying before my eyes; and she did not doubt but I would be moved. When she was in my arms, she said, when she proposed to me to leave my native country, she was already sure of me.

"Ardasire had never been so happy; she was charmed. We did not live in the pomp of Media; but our life was far sweeter. She saw in all that we had lost the great sacrifices I had made her. She was now alone with me. In our harams, in those abodes of delight, the idea of a rival is always present; and while we enjoy what we love, the more we love, the more we are alarmed.

"But Ardasire had now no distrust; heart was here linked to heart. A love of this kind gives an air of pleasure to every thing that surrounds us; and because an object pleases us, it commands all nature to please us too. A love of this kind seems to be that amiable infancy before which every thing is sportful and gay, and which wears a constant smile.

"I feel a sweet emotion of pleasure in recounting to you this happy period of our lives. Sometimes I lost Ardasire in the woods, and found her again by the accents of her charming voice. She decked herself with flowers which I gathered; I adorned myself with those which she had culled. The singing of the birds, the murmurs of the fountains, the dances and concerts of our young slaves, a mildness which spread itself every where, were perpetual testimonies of our happiness.

"Sometimes Ardasire was a shepherdess, who, without dress and without ornaments, showed herself in all the charms of her native simplicity: At other times I beheld her such as she was when I was enchanted with her beauty in my Median haram.

"Ardasire emoloyed her women in works of elegance: They spun the wool of Hyrcania; they wrought the purple of Tyre. The whole house tasted the purest joy; we descended with pleasure to the equality of nature; we were happy, and we wished to live with people who were happy too. False happiness renders men rigid and haughty; and this happiness has nothing social. True happiness makes them mild, and endues them with sensibility; and this happiness is always shared.

"I remember Ardasire married one of her favourite maids to one of my freed men. Love and youth had formed this union. The favourite said to Ardasire, This is also the first day of your marriage.——All the days of my life, replied she, will be that first day.

"You will perhaps be surprised that, exiled and proscribed from Media, having had only a moment to prepare for my departure, being able only to carry away the money and jewels which presented themselves to my hands, I could have enough of riches in Margiana to have a palace there, a great number of domestics, and all the conveniences of life. I was surprised at it myself, and am so still. By a fatality, which I could not explain, I saw nowhere a resource, and found it every where. Gold, jewels, precious stones, seemed to present themselves to me. It was accident, you will tell me. But accidents so reiterated, and constantly the same, could scarcely be accidents. Ardasire thought at first that I wished to surprise her, and that I had brought wealth with me, of which she was ignorant. I thought, in my turn, that she had riches unknown to me. But we soon saw, both of us, that we were mistaken. I frequently found in my chamber packets containing many hundreds of *Darics;* Ardasire found in hers boxes full of jewels. One day, while I was walking

ing in my garden, a little coffer full of pieces of gold appeared before my eyes, and I perceived another in the hollow of an oak under which I used to repose. I pass over the rest. I was sure there was not a man in Media who had any knowledge of the place to which I had retired; and, besides, I knew that I had no assistance to expect from that quarter. I tortured my imagination to discover whence these succours came; but every conjecture I made destroyed another."

"They tell us wonderful stories," says Aspar, interrupting Arsaces, "of certain powerful genii who attach themselves to men, and heap benefits upon them. Nothing of this kind I ever heard before had made any impression on my mind: but what you say astonishes me still more; you tell what you have experienced, not what you have heard related."

"Whether this assistance," says Arsaces, "was human or supernatural, it is certain that it never failed; and that in the same way as a great number of men find want every where, I every where found riches. And, what will surprise, they came always at the most seasonable moment: I never saw my treasure near spent, when a new one did not appear; so attentive was the intelligence who watched over us. Nor was this all; it was not our necessities only which were prevented, but often our caprices. I am not fond," added he, "of the marvellous; I tell you what I am obliged myself to believe, and not what you are obliged to believe also.

"On the evening of the favourite's marriage, a young man, beautiful as Love, brought me a basket of excellent fruit. I gave him some pieces of silver; he took them, left the basket, and disappeared. I carried the basket to Ardasire; I found it heavier than I thought. We ate the fruit, and we found the bottom full of *Darics*. It is the genie, said the whole house, who has brought a treasure here for the marriage expences.

"I am convinced, said Ardasire, that it is a genie who performs these prodigies in our favour. To those intelligences who are above us, nothing can be more agreeable than love. Love alone has a perfection which may elevate us even to them. It is a genie, Arsaces, who knows my heart, and who sees to what a degree I love you. I would wish to see him, and that he could tell me to what a degree you love me.

"I resume my narrative.

"The passion of Ardasire and mine took their impressions from our different educations and character. Ardasire lived only to love; her passion was her existence, her whole soul was love. It was not in her power to love me less; nor could she love me more.—I seemed to love with more enthusiasm, because I did not always appear to love in the same way. Ardasire alone was capable of occupying mind; and yet there were things which seemed to distract it. I chaced the stag in the forest, and went to combat the wild beasts.

"I began soon to imagine that I led a life too obscure. I am now, said I, in the territories of the King of Margiana; why should I not go to his court? My father's glory presented itself to my mind. A great name is a heavy load to support, when the virtues of ordinary men are not so much the goal at which you are to stop, as the point from which you must start. It appears as if we were more strongly bound by what others promise for us, than what we engage for ourselves. When I was in Media, said I, it was necessary to humble myself, to conceal my virtues more anxiously than my vices. If I was not the slave of the court, I was the slave of its jealousy: But now that I am my own master, now that I am independent, because I am without a country, free in the midst of the forest as the lions that inhabit it, I shall begin to have an ordinary mind if I remain an ordinary man.

"I grew accustomed by degrees to these ideas. It is the lot of human nature that the happier we are, the more happy we wish to be. There is a sort of impatience even of felicity. It is because our heart is a series of desires, as our mind is a series of ideas. When we find that our happiness cannot be augmented, we wish to give it a new modification. My ambition sometimes was irritated even by my love. I hoped to become more worthy of Ardasire; and, spite of her prayers, spite of her tears, I quitted her."

(To be concluded in our next.)

POETRY.